16. Volcanic cañon of *Tsè-Ondjig* River, eastern branch of the Yukon River

13.5 **Strife**

"In a lodge where, on either side, feelings had been running high, a Catholic Loucheux sprang to his feet and said: "Well, my brethren, since we cannot get along, let's agree on this: that those among us who will have prayed longest and with most fervour will thereby have proved that theirs is the better religion." Catholics and Protestants concurred in that singular proposal. It is said that the Protestants' catalogue of orisons was very soon exhausted and they were first to give up; as for the Catholic Loucheux, on the contrary, they went on for a half day saying their beads. After which they stood up and exclaimed triumphantly: "You have just proved that your religion is no good. . . The Protestants admitted their defeat. . . and stopped praying altogether."
(166:160-161)

"Another time. . . the Protestant Loucheux managed to silence the Catholics. "Don't you think," a Catholic was saying to the Protestants he wanted to convert, "don't you think the clerk's wife at Fort Good Hope, who is Catholic, is much smarter than the Protestant squaw wife of the clerk at Fort MacPherson? The squaw is "in the dark" (is ignorant) while the other woman "converses with books and blackens paper" (can read and write)? " "Well," replied one of the Protestant Indians, "it's not surprising, it's because she has a clock in her house, whereas the squaw has none! " And so the converter remained silent and nonplussed at a repartee that he considered very weighty and had not expected."
(166:161)

14. **RECREATION**

14.1 **Games**

". . . the Loucheux (play) football. . ."
(166:159)

14.2 **Songs**

". . . the *Dindjié* have the reputation of being the best singers among the *Dènè-dindjié*."
(5:189)

15. **LIFE CYCLE**

15.1 **Birth**

17. *Sa-viah*, (the Sunbeam), chief of the *Dindjié Kuchâ-Kuttchin*

15.1.1 **Naming**

"At the birth of their first child, the parents discard their own name and take on the child's name. They are then known as the father and mother of so and so. For instance to *Kayadè* is born a son who is given the name of *Etchèlè*; the father will then be known as *Tchèlè-wètᶜa*, and the mother as *Tchèlè-mon*."
(59:502)

15.1.2 **Circumcision**

"Some *Dindjié* have assured me that an adult who has not been circumcised after his birth should perform the operation on himself without anyone's help."
(5:311)

"... when a child had been circumcised, a little bit of blood was taken from him by pricking with an awl the palm of his hands and the soles of his feet."
(14:XXXVI)

"... male children were circumcised a few days after their birth, with a piece of silex stone. The circumcision wound was healed with a mixture of fat and pulverized compact pyrite."
(14:XXXVI)

"... circumcision is an established custom; it is practised by nearly all tribes, but not necessarily in all families and in the case of all individuals. Until these latter years, there have been uncircumcised people."
(58:566)

15.1.3 **Transport**

"... they use a chair-like saddle in which the child is literally sitting, with both legs hanging close together in front. A *Dindjié* mother therefore has to carry her child with his back leaning against hers..."
(58:590)

15.2 **Old Age**

15.2.1 **Behaviour toward the aged**

"I spent the night in the lodge of a young man... who had just lost his two children and he was as light-hearted as ever. Nearby, his old father lay

dying and the son appeared utterly unconcerned. All through the night, a bitterly cold one, the old man kept moaning, and clamouring for some fire... The insentive young man did not budge from under his bed covering..."
(126:281)

15.2.2 Burial

"... the *Dindjié* of the Lower Yukon buried their dead in a crouching, huddled position, in chests raised three feet above the ground on four stakes."
(58:589)

RELIGION AND WORLD OUTLOOK

16. RELIGIOUS LIFE

16.1 Religious beliefs

16.1.1 Mythology

1° Yékk ay-tt siègoe

Ttɒotchédi inttchogotɒet ñitchɒa-kɒet ñiɒa kkwitanttchin, voetchɒa ttchiéd étan dhenlloe tsékujin. Zjé kozjié dhédjuw, shoel'étan, tchijié; nizjigo kkié dhelisen.

Voe iyondé yétiiñanshen ttogoɒall, t ʂoedhiltchiyu, tɒadh, akɒonté yaño:

– ʂoe tchɒa, djien kkié zjit ʂoeyké kkatankɒay, yaño. Tɒadh gwoɒat, kiyondé tthey shoel' étan dhatchié. Voe tchɒa:

– Elloekɒwa, ʂiyondé, ño, akɒonté tétɒill'à kɒwa, yénishen, tiño.

– Ah! ʂoe tchɒa, ñi kkié zjionhon tinttcho; eygwoɒat ʂoe djinño. Djien ʂoeyké kkatankay ll'édji, èlloe ʂoeta kwotɒantsia lanval'i, yaño viyondé.

Akɒonlloe: voe tchɒa toe al'tɒen tédhitɒin tiyondé étchatschik kuyu, y'azjoegoe yɛ̀ɒa éñantchi yu, voe iyondé ninidhet.

Akɒon voe hen ttchey, voe tɒié tchɒan zjanat ʂé; titchɒa ttchied-étan, ey tthey at ʂé, nédheɒa yu, voezjé ttschien ttset tchidhankiek yu etɒandjia. Voe tazjiékɒet yinkɒa kinidhen, kukkan chwon; élloe voekonlli.

Akɒontté; voeklen, voehen tchɒantchɒat ninégweltpinn ttsiñen egwahen. ñittschié tinttcho, dindjié yendjitankloedh, akɒon andjow titizjiek, athen koïnkɒag yénidhen, athen dhellɒen tinétizjik. Nizjigo ékɒonté voe nindjitchétoezjek:

– ʂi yondé inl'ag niñidhet, akɒon inl'ag étɒilldji. Té tinétanzjik lanval'i? yénijit.

Akɒonlloe nazjié-ɒatchozjié yu, van tchɒô ven ttadjen at ʂé kuñantthek. Ttadjen tchion kkaon nedjitivik.

– Dji ttadjen djaɒadé atʂé? yénishen. Athen ɒahan tinttcho lanval'i. Athen ttschié nadjet gwoɒall ézel', yoe yénijit gwoɒat, énizjaké kkɒagoe kakédhéɒal. Athen natɒaho voenelhia, kukkiet tchidhankiek, van tchɒô vén ninizjié. Van nitschié, voe kkɒag kkandoettell konllen kiyonhva.

Dindjié nétoetènanhey, ñen kunkɒag nétoetènanhey; akɒon tɒékloedé édjittchi kwajen titchi kkitinttcho ɒaïnhey voenelhia.

– Tchidi tinttcho billi? yénijit gwoɒall, nétoetènanhey yu yoekkéñatɒié.

Akɒon nizjit kɒwa kotlen tchizjié titchi égudéttchin, dindjié tchɒô tchien zjègoe nahè, ñen kɒet oëndjig, ñen dhelɒen, kkéñatɒié khuyu édoetan tɒenven édjiw dindjié shel'égwahen, dindjié ttchiéd étan tchion zjég nahè. Akɒonlloe: voe kotàlloe kwoɒen nétoetènanhé yu, cheg kɒwa ey dindjié ñen kodathakº dhelɒen gwoɒat, tétɒion–silltchidhatɒié, nidjéndè voe ttcha dhitllé kwottset aha yu, voezjiouhun nénanzjié.

Akɒonlloe dindjié ninanhey yoe ttset dhézjia yu, yoe yénantchiyu, tchijié yoëndjik yu:

– Ey! nizjit gwottset inl'eg ttchiñen voe yondé éñéthey, nan kudjin? yaño.

– Aha! si lloe tittcho, yaño.

– Akɒonlloe: si lloe ñoe tchɒa îl'i, yaño: ñunkɒat yénishen kujit tittcho. Akɒon djugu gwottset noetɒateytchat kɒwa, yaño.

Akɒon v'iyondé akɒontté yaño:

– Ey! ʂ'itchɒa, dindjié tittcho kɒwa, si lloe tt ʂindjo ɒè dhidié chwon ttchon, évoekkétsoenatɒié, soe hèt è dindjié yenelyin, kwintschié ttset dindjié altsen. Zjionhon soekké-inhey, kkiné-inhey, yaño. Kukkan joe voe tchɒa:

ñi ttschien ttset nétɒischié kɒwa, yaño, si tthey noe kuhet kotɒènelhia, yénishen gwoɒat, tino. Eyiakɒon ñitchɒa kɒet zjé kwottset kitchohedh. Tɒaën kkaon kiyondé voe tchɒa kka-unidheltɒan:

– Akɒon ʂi tchɒa, ñoe ɒey duwé, djiño, ʂi tchi otoetey ʂoekɒet tɒèlla: Si tchɒa égwillhen, ñil'adoe noetazjié, tétɒéindjia. Akɒon tchidi aʂoekutɒendja lanval'i, kwoɒadoe tiñanttchotɒella, yaño.

Akɒon v'iyondé ttʂindjô ndow-tinttcho nakɒen ɒèdhidié, voe het zja kitédinitɒin ɒèdhidié, ey lloe ɒdhattʂègoe vañe; akɒon inl'ag yahan dhidié, ey lloe yékkɒay ttʂégoe vaño.

Akɒon zjé kwottset nikhidhéhèdhu, tchitɒen ttʂindjo édhôw eɒshan tthek; titɒsoeshoño kuñantthek, edhow neydendé kukkè tʂonatɒié, kukkhan ttʂindjô ê voekkè tsoenatɒié, ñité kiyonho; zjé kwizjit ñenthen konllen. Tʂoegenxi tthek kukkan élloe dindjié konllen. Zjé nizjin lloe nitsiankllen schi dhitllé. Tiyondé khiyañô:

– Schi voeɒènintchit, tiño, eylloe si tchɒa égwahen tiño. Etségéɒdhey dhenday tsoëndjig, detchɒan-ttchek dakay ttiet nitsenlloe, teyɒa tʂenintchit. Kukkan è tinllé voegutéttchen.

ñitchɒa keyha, azjoegwottsen ɒdha-ttʂégoe kitédinitɒin ɒè dhidié. Akɒon ey tchinénihéyu, inl'eg yékkɒay-ttségoe ñiténihey, kitè ɒè dhidié. Akronlloe dzjin tinégutizjik.

Ey tthey étségɛ́ɒdhey nizjin dindjié éñaïnlchit, kukkan joe èlloe voekkè tsoenatpié, ɒdha nakwatoekpat, akpon ɒdha-ttsègoe ninihey akpon tpadh tégutizjik.

Ey tchpan ñen then ninilloe, atsaha .yu tsenítchié kukkan dindjié étpilldji. Akronlloe kiyondè toe tchpa tédhiño:

– Si tchpa, èlloetthey nupwé tajié-kpet nikhénidhet, kkinèïnzjié ll'édji, tchutséïndja tpella ñoe ɒey kkéninltpié kpwa billi?

– Aha! èlloetthey khukkènitlpié, kukkan ñah kutpillttchia, kkinétpischia kpwa yénishen, yédhiño voe tchpa.

Akponlloe: yékkpay-ttségoe tchinénihéyu, voe tchpa yoe nttien kwentsell-kkéniltpien, voe hèk nizjin, éyi jé kuñahi. ɒdha-ttségoe kkayu tchinénihey, ey tthey kwentsell ttset voe ttan ttset kkénantpié.

Ti tchpa v'iyondé dhiño:

– Akponlloe kwentsell né het kpet kunil'hi, kukkan voe nttien ey zjé, tiño.

– Alloe, si tchpa, èlloetthey tchijié ñah kwellndak, tiyondè yaño; si lloe ninidhet tteytpet, sié gwottsen tchidhizjié. Nidjen ttsindjo kpet odhindjek. Ey gwopat kukkèninltpié kpwa yaño.

Tchpantchpat nakpen dzjin akpon tpadh nakpén kwéttchin vi yondè zjit; akpon kwinzjin-ttset ttsindjo kpet kunanhi. Voe then zjiow tinttcho, kukkan tpendjidhoettset zjé kunilhi. Viyondè yaño:

– Sitchpa, ñoe ɒey itihyin ñitté indjiékhédelttchu gwopall, kukkaninltpié, yaño.

Akpon nankwotlen tiyondè égwahen, djugu zjié kkaon nigunidhet. Viyondè dhiño:

– N'itsi ey ttsindjo nakpen ñiténilli, nan gwottset kkinénizjié, nan kkpagoe cheg dhindié tpèlla kpwa, éñédhago énétpindiya ñaño. Kukkan tpan kkpagoe odhinhey chwon! ñoekka kotpéïnday kunlpat nédjiño, ñaño, yaño viyondè.

Voe tchpa ttsindjo nakpen oéndjig, akpon voe tpié ttset kkinéizjié. Noetpainlen tsell pè nitchohèdh, tpenven ni ttschien vaepa van tchpô ñipé dhitllé, kokon tchugullu ñihey; kwottset kitchohèdh yu, édétan tchidi nidhézjia yu tpadh ñegutizjit. Ttsind jokpet ékukonlli.

– Tchidipadé siéhet-kpet akpwa? yénidhen. Kkinéizjié, kuχinkpat yénijit.

Nillen voepè ninizjié yu, tpatchié ttsindjôkpet nidohô, tpan kkpag odhohô; akpon zjannijia gwopat, tpan nadhéya ttsindjo-kpet tchizjan nattchet tinékutizjik.

Akponlloe dindjié shan tchojié, voe het nakpen tchizjan nattchet gwopat, vitpié ttset énédhitijié. Vitpie-sié èlloe itiyin tinttchô, kukkan tchpantchpat ttsindjo nakpen yétinille, ey pàh akponttéyaño:

– Yétèh ni nan kkaon gwottset kkiné-inzjié, yaño noekka kotpèinday.

Akponlloe ttsindjô inl'ag kitédinitpin pè dhidié, voe dindjiéju ttschié tanttcho, yoeti inidhen kpwa gwopalloe, yoepa Kuttchédé tégwanyin kpwa, akpon nizjigo voeñen-konllen yu, dindjiéju ttset keyhè kpwa. Eiakpon dzjin kket étpandja.

– Nidjendé ttset tpéjia billi? dindjié yénijit.

ɒdha ttset énédhitizjié, ttsindjô, èlloe viétchi, voe ttien édjittchi nètoenanhey kkitagunttcho.

– Nittsontsédé gwottsen nininhey? dindjié yaño; kukkan kenχi kpwa.

Elloetthey voehet nakpen vaétitindjik ttogwopall; eygwopat è vikii konlli.

Inl'ag-dzjin tthey ètpilldji gwopat, dindjié yékki tchidhizjia.

Tchidi voepè tinttcho? yénijit ttiet. Akponlloe ñita kkpagoe tchion kwajén, tchion dzjin, zjit, ttsindjo izjia. Kwozjit nanhè, ttchied étan, akpon klan jén yéklin tpet dhidié, yétpet dhitchi. Dindjié yékkènantpié yu, kodathako dhoedhanttchiyu énédhitizjié.

ñikkaen tthey ttsindjô nakpen khoetchodié. Inl'ag dindjiéju voetiinidhen, étpilldji. Tikpen yékki thidhizjia yu, nétoetènanhey. Takon ttô kkpagoe tédhidié, akpon takon tsell llen yattagu kkénantpié.

Voe zjé kwottset nètchidhizjié yu, ey kukkènantpié kwopé keyχè kpwa, kukkan voe endji initoedhet. Ey kwotlén voe zjé kozjit kkié tchantsen, voe het nakpen ñitè ñohèdh, khitékiikpet tpédjidhaakli. Zjé kwizjit nitikhinilli gwottset, tchikitchohèdh tthey.

Nakpennèkpen vikii-kpet ttsedé khukkpagoe niñantschiw. Dindjié:

– Akpudji kukkè tsénilpia! yénijit gwopat, voe kkié zjit ttsoedé tagoe nénilli. Inl'agoe vi kii-kpet ttchiñen nizjin, dakay, voe antsin-djilloe zjit ttatagotté-tchpan pè dhitpin. Dindjié kukkénantpien kkuyu ttsoedé khikpagoe néniñantschiw.

Inl'agoe tthey ttsindjô nizjin kpwa, ey vi kii kpet kkéñantpin. Ey! klan zjen zjankenlloe, dindjié kwajen, kuzja nitschié. Dindjiéju voe kkié zjit kuzja ɒaéñantchi yu, koeninidhet.

Kéhen niténizjia, èlloe siondall enlloe, attchié. Tikpen tchiténihey, khè kunkpat tchozjié. Khè dhitlla yu, voezjé gwottset nénétizjié yu, khè vehet yétinilloe.

Inl'ag voeñen konlli joe, eylloe khè oïndjig kpwa. Voe dindjié yaño:

– Ey khè sikii, yiñindhen billi; ey gwopat ñiñen konlli, yaño. Kukkan è genxi ttsindjô. Khé oëndjik, khidzi ètségɛ́ɒdhey kozjit ninihen, akponlloe khé tchi tpilkoethédh.

– Tʦindjò ttchahandiedh! dindjié ño. Akponlloe dindjié ttédidihi yu tagoe aha nidhatchié yu:

– Si tschien elttsik! yaño. Ttsindjò ttchahandièdh l'en-ilèré, l'en-tsen tthey tpédhitllé yu, oëndjik, yoenantcha, tikpen eñaantchit; kukkan elttsik tétizjik kpwa, tchion tsintè yédhelpen kpwa.

Eyiakpon yékkpay etchit sodjil. Ttsindjò ttchahandièdh inl'ag ttʦindjò vaño:

– Nan zjey ñi kii-kpet yakonlloe gwopat, nan voekki tpankay. Si lloe nellhè, yaño. Akpon ttʦindjò ttchahandièdh kottsel' tchitpidhizjié yu, étpilldji.

Ey gwopat djien kwottset voe kpwa tatpèdja. La Compagnie patiédhezjia yu, ttsindjò ttchahandiedh enlloe billi! yéniishen.

Akponlloe gwottset tchozjié, dindjiéju, kakétchopal voe ttsindjò nizjin yékki tchozjié; kukkan chwon kédhétik, chwon yoekkitchozjié; voetchi zjé dhantsen, dindjiéju. Van tchpò vén nidhézjia yu, voe kpéintlen, yendièdhey-ttsen voe dindjié kpwon kwantsen, yoettset tchozjié yu, akpon atenhen gwottsen nédhéjyé.

Nakpen akpontinttcho lloe:

– Soe dindjié onhan soetpiltchj kudjin, yénijit ttogopalloe, koyendowttset pdha dindjiéju van tchpò djigundiégu, ninizjié yu, yétchi zjé tcheltsen. Akpon voehet tpén vén viné tinizjia yu, nattsi tanoezjié, voe konkkit ninizjié yu, atenhen dindjié nétchiheg yépé khédhètik. Dindjiéju atenhen vochey kkièdh voe kpeyzjé nédhelhiw, atenhen inl'ag heyzjédhiw, akpon ttʦindjò yéttset tchiélkiek.

– Akponlloe onhan soe tpinltchi gwopat soel'é inhey! yaño nétpehey kwétchi. Yè tthen odhindjek, vi kiikpet yékkaon ninilloe, akponlloe dindjiéjyu è yepé tchozjié, yékki tchihey tthey ttʦindjò pè dhidié tinétizjik.

Akponlloe eykpet nupwétajiékpet kenlloe tatpédja.

(9:177-190)

The Sea Captain

When the world began, two brothers lived alone on the earth. The younger liked to be completely nude. Indoors, out-of-doors, he went about without any apparel. His most usual occupation was making arrows.

One night when both were in bed, the elder, who loved his younger brother dearly, said to him:

"Little brother, shoot an arrow into my armpit."

As it was night, the older brother was also naked. He had taken off his clothes to sleep.

The younger replied:

"I do not wish to do that, big brother."

"Ah! little brother," said the elder, "your arrows are without strength; this is why you do not wish to strike me, for if you struck me, you know full well that the arrows would not penetrate."

Offended by this taunt, the younger took his bow, aimed it at his brother, lodged an arrow in his chest, and so killed him.

Then the parents wept, and the younger brother – he whose custom it was to go naked – wept also: in despair, he left the tent and at last departed, never to return.

His parents sought him in vain. He never came back.

After his departure, his mother conceived again and brought forth a third son who grew up to be very strong. His story is the following:

Dindjié – the name of this man – having grown to be a man, began to hunt and kill animals to provide food. But as he hunted, one thought was always uppermost in his mind:

One of my brothers is dead; the other has vanished. What can have become of him? I must find him.

Thus one day, while hunting on the shores of the Great Water, he heard the great arctic loon howling as he disported himself there.

– "Why does this loon howl so?" thought *Dindjié*. "No doubt he can see reindeer and fears them, which is why he is howling."

Such were the young man's thoughts. Having discovered a reindeer trail, he therefore followed it with all speed, sighted reindeer, pursued them and arrived at the shores of the Great Water which I have just mentioned.

This lake (or sea) was vast and covered with waterfowl which swam there. *Dindjié* wanted to kill some of these birds and hid himself to observe them.

Suddenly, far out on the water, he saw something black which looked like a man's head emerging from the water.

"What can that be?" he thought. He hid himself again and watched.

After waiting for a long time for the object to move, *Dindjié* was able to distinguish quite clearly the head of a very tall man who was standing in the water. Hiding his head behind a clump of rushes, the man was getting close to the waterfowl.

seizing their legs and pulling them down under the water where he wrung their necks. This was the stranger's way of hunting.

Dindjié looked for the hunter's clothes and found them on the shore, for the man was naked in the water. *Dindjié* hid himself near the clothes to spy on the hunter.

The latter, having seized and killed all the waterfowl, came out of the water, ran to where he had left his clothes and put them on again.

But then *Dindjié*, who had remained hidden until that moment, ran up to the stranger, kissed and embraced him, and, his arms still about him, said:

"Long ago, a boy killed his elder brother and then fled. Was that not you? "

"Yes, alas! " said the other. "It was indeed I."

"Then learn that I am your younger brother, who has sought you long. Now that I have found you, I will never leave you again", he said.

Then the elder brother, who had fled and been lost to his own, became melancholy and said to his brother:

"Alas, my brother, I am no longer an ordinary man. I have married the invisible, all-powerful woman, who can suffer neither the presence nor the sight of any man but myself, and whose sense of smell is so acute that she scents men afar off and flees from them. It is thus impossible that you should come with me. Return whence you came."

But the younger said:

"I shall not leave you, my brother. I want to see the invisible woman too."

Then the two brothers went towards the elder's dwelling, on the way the younger was given these instructions.

"Now young brother, your sister-in-law is very powerful and very terrible. I shall therefore question her first, and tell her: I have just found my young brother again, consent to his living with me." And you will act according to her reply.

Thus spoke the elder brother.

This man had married two superb women. One, the real wife, the one seated near the door, was called *Rdha-ttsègoe* (evening-woman). The other, the concubine, who stayed inside the tent, was called *Yèkkpay-ttségoe* (morning-woman).

As the two brothers neared the dwelling, they heard the sound as of a woman outside the tent, tanning hides. The noise of the scraper could be heard, the scraper moved – but the woman was invisible.

The two brothers entered the tent. There was game there and plenty of venison. Women's voices were heard, but no human form could be seen.

The tent was a fine one, at the furthest end of which good meat was hung. As the elder brother entered, he said:

"Now, my wives, give us meat to eat, for this man is my younger brother, whom I have just found again."

Then, it was as if someone took excellent pemican, placed it in a clean wooden bowl, and offered the dish to the newcomer. But the hand which did all that remained unseen.

However, the two brothers ate together.

I have said that when the two men arrived, the official wife, the evening-wife, was seated at the threshold. When the meal was over, she left the tent and the other wife, the morning-wife, returned and taking her rival's place beside the door, produced the day. As to the evening-wife, she went away.

But when evening came, she returned, and at once night fell. She brought with her much game, the fruit of her hunting. Another meal was taken, then everyone went to bed. But the young traveller saw no woman lying beside his elder brother.

However, the latter said to his younger brother: "Little brother, our parents are still living. You should return to help them: I imagine you have not yet seen your sisters-in-law." "No brother," replied the younger, "I have not yet seen them, but I do not propose to leave. I want to remain with you."

Just then, the evening-wife was leaving, and the younger brother glimpsed her from behind. He saw only her garment, which was dazzling. He saw no more.

When evening came, the morning-wife left in turn, and he glimpsed her also, but again only from behind. Then he said to his elder brother:

"I am beginning to see your wives a little, but only from behind." The elder replied:

"Little brother, I have not yet told you everything. I was dying, and set out for the moon, where I took these two women to wife. They are moon people, and this is why you cannot see them – they are not mortal like you."

The younger brother stayed two more days and nights with his elder brother and then he came to see his brother's two wives clearly. They were white as snow.

The elder said to him:

"Little brother, your sisters-in-law are pleased with you, that is why they allow you to see them."

Now, it had been fall when the younger brother found his elder brother, and winter had come in the twinkling of an eye. The elder said:

"Little brother, my father-in-law, the Old Man in the Moon, who gave me both his all-powerful daughters in marriage, has just ordered me to return to the lunar kingdom, and he gives you my two wives, but with this warning:

"When you return to your own country, do not pass over ice. This is to test you. These are the words of my father-in-law. So now, farewell, little brother."

With these words, the elder brother departed for the kingdom of the moon, and the younger went on his way, with the wives.

They arrived all three at a waterfall formed by a narrow passage through which water rushed and fell to water below; there was thus a great lake to the right and another to the left, and the narrow channel with its waterfall before them. At this point, there was a very short portage, which made it possible to avoid the ice of the great lakes.

The man with two wives went across the portage first, mindful of the words of the Old Man in the Moon. Yet, when night came, the two women who were following him did not appear.

"Why do my two wives not follow me? " thought *Dindjié*. He retraced his steps and began to look for them near the strip of river which fell in a cascade between the two lakes.

Then, far out on the lake, he saw his two wives coming over the ice. But because they were warm, the ice melted beneath their feet, broke open and they were swallowed up into the great lake and drowned.

So the man returned alone to his father-in-law Moon. The old man was displeased. However, he consented to give him two more of his daughters, just like the first two, saying:

"Return once more to earth. I shall test you."

Now, one of *Dindjié's* new wives, the one sitting near the door refused her husband, for she hated him. She would not work for him; she was ill-tempered and always discontented; she never spoke to him.

When day came, this wife vanished, and *Dindjié* wondered:

"Where can she have gone? "

In the evening, this shrewish wife returned, hiding something behind her back.

"Where have you been? " asked her husband.

She did not deign to reply.

Dindjié had not yet consummated his marriage with either wife. He thus had no children.

However, when day came, the evening-wife disappeared once more, but her husband followed her at a distance.

"Where is she going, and why does she want to go? " he wondered.

Then he saw her walking naked into a black, filthy swamp. There she stood upright, with a black snake wound around her. Witness of this abomination, *Dindjié* was thunderstruck, and left the evening-wife where she was.

The next day, both wives were in their usual places; when evening came, the one who loved her husband left in turn. *Dindjié* followed her also and hid to spy on her. He saw her sitting naked amidst a flock of arctic grouse, and a host of young grouse clung to her breasts, and she gave them suck.

When he returned home, *Dindjié* was careful not to speak of what he had seen, but he pondered it.

Some time later, while the man was sitting in his tent making arrows, his two wives came in carrying their children, whom they laid down in the tent. All of them were covered by a blanket.

"I must see them! " thought the man.

Lifting one of the blankets with the point of his arrow, he saw that the children of the wife whom he loved were white and pretty. Their noses were pierced and decked with feathers from the swan, for their mother had adorned them. In short, they were fine children.

Dindjié looked at them and replaced the cover, smiling. Then he looked at his bad wife's children. Ah! They were snake-beings, black, hideous and with huge, gaping jaws. Horrorstruck, the man thrust his arrow into their throats, which killed them.

Meanwhile, their mother came back in and flew into a terrible rage. The husband said nothing, but went out to hunt hares; he snared some and returned to the tent to have his wives prepare the food. The bad wife did not want to eat white hares. Her husband said to her:

"I see that you are refusing to eat because you imagine that these hares are my children."

She made no reply, took the hares, put pemican in their ears, and at once, they revived and ran away into the forest.

"What a wicked woman! " exclaimed the husband, angry at having lost the fruit of his hunting.

To test her further, *Dindjié* laid down and pretended to be ill.

"I have pains in my stomach", he said.

The bad wife took the urine and faeces of a dog and made a mixture which she gave to her husband as medicine. But the poison did him no harm.

That was how things stood when they struck camp the next day. Then the bad evening-wife said to her rival:

"Since you are the only one with children, stay with your husband. For my part, I have decided to stay here".

So saying, she ran into the swamps and disappeared. Nothing was every heard of her again. When the Hudson's Bay Company came here, we thought it was the bad evening-wife who had returned to us.

Then *Dindjié* disgusted with moon women, departed, resolved to abandon even the wife who loved him, and made with all haste towards his own country and his old parents. But his wife followed in his footsteps at a distance.

Unfortunately, the poor girl could not run as fast as he. She had great difficulty in following him. The husband always set up camp before she arrived, and the poor wife did not arrive at the camp until the fugitive had already departed.

Thus walking and chasing after the faithless one, she arrived at the shore of a large lake and saw her husband on the other side, where he had already lit a fire. She ran towards the spot, but before she could cross the lake, *Dindjié* had gone. This happened twice. She was in despair.

Then the morning-wife said to herself:

"It is plain that my husband wants to desert me, for he must have seen me coming across the lake. I will resort to guile."

So, when evening had come and her husband was encamped on the far shore of a large lake, the morning-wife, instead of crossing the lake in full view, went around it through the woods – a very difficult journey.

As she approached the tent, *Dindjié* was preparing to leave. He had already put on one of his snowshoes and was just putting on the second when the unhappy wife ran up to him.

"What, you are deserting me! " she cried. "You want to go without me? "

So saying, she seized his legs and clung to his knees, and threw upon him the children she was carrying.

Then *Dindjié* took pity on her. He took back his wife and never left her again; he followed her, and this morning-wife, now the man's true wife, thus became the mother of the *Dindjié* people. These were our ancestors, we are told.

(Told by the *Dindjié, Sylvain Vitoedh,* in December 1870, at Fort Good Hope.)

(11:16-29)

2° Etɒoetchokɒen

Etɒoetchokɒen ttɒotchédi ttsi dheltsén.

Udetllet zjoe atti ɒaïtɒien, tɒè adjia lloe, yetɒow ntillklet.

Atti étɒelldjia, tchidjanen gwoɒat.

Yendjit kkɒi ttizjé ɒaïtɒien tthey, tɒè ondow tédildjia, akɒon yétɒow ntillklet ayu, étélla.

– Ey vizjit ttsi tchɒô t'el'tsia tédiño.

Ey kwootlen zje ttsoevi llen kkɒag tédhtchijia yu, ey kkɒag ataetédhelklla yu dheltchi.

Akɒon kkɒi ttizjé ɒal'atanen, détchɒan koyézjoeg dhitllé, tinétizjik.

Aɒwodh tchɒan zjigoe dhitllé.

Koyendow-dzjin ttsi kosjé ɒandhitllé, ttsi tédhitlin dhitɒin tthey. Tchion kkit niltɒan, kukkan zjoe voe kkɒag tchion konllen.

Akɒon Etɒoetchokɒen dheltchi tchɒantchɒat, nikkɒaon ttsi djizé, détchɒan voeklen kelltchen tchɒantchɒat, akɒon tɒenhen yoekkɒagoe dheltɒin.

Tchion ttset nétchidhéllik yu, ttsi zjit ilya.

Azjoegoe yeïndjit tchinitschié tag ttset néïnhè, tchion kkɒag dhéhen. Ttétsien, tchi nékɒag kkit tédhidié yu, dheltchi tthey.

Etɒoetchokɒen ténihey kuyu, toe ontschiw tidihey, akɒontag ɒatchihéy, ttétsien deltchi voenant agoettset ontschiw zjit nilt in.

Ttétsien akɒontté yaño:

Tchi nékɒag gwottsen kwotɒé ɔoetɒinlttha chon. Ey neltsi l'édji kuttié nittschié dindjié elloekɒwa tétɒidjia lanval'iño.

Akpontté kukkan Etpoetchokpen pan ttset han-yoedhayedh kuyu, kwotpè yoenaltthet.

Tpatchotllé, voe zjek tpadoenanen, akpon voe tthen yézjiugu dhitllé.

Etpoetchokpen tagoe ttset noetpakpè yu, kwottset dindjié konllen odhoedhant-tchitt.hè. Zjégoe naha gwopat kové l'étsénédha; eygwopat dindjié khétiyin.

Etpoetchokpen kwottset ntpakpè. Kukkan zjé zjit teytthen zjin dhitllé. Dindjié élloekpwa.

Tchiéllugu tthey, elltpin tchpan, eyzjin zjandheltchi.

Akponlloe tchpantchpat yéiindjit kwottset odhoedhanttchi. Kwottsen ntpakpè tthey. Kukkan zjoe è dindjié konlli, zjion kkitinttcho.

Akpontinttcho, ttétsien ttset noetpakpayu, voe tthen kuñahiyu, voe tthen dakay dhitllé él'adoe ninilloe kuyu, ttsoedé khikkpag ninantschiw yu, voe tthen tpatoenanenn kodathako siè nénilloe. Kukkan voe kpé-ttsed inl'agjé akpwa, étpilltchi.

Akpon kukkan Etpoetchokpen ttétsien tthen kkpag dhétlet gwopalloe, tlad vizjit dindjié nadheltsen; ttétsien napudenday akpon; kukkan zjoe voe kpè-ttsed tpieg zjey.

Akponlloe Etpoetchokpen voe ttsi zjigoe tédhidié yu, ttétsien tthey yépé dhidié. Dindjié nakwotllé kunkpat, yénidhen gwopat.

Akpon ey tchiéllugu, elltpin tchpan zjandheltehi, djiño, ey kuttset tpadheykpé, kukkédétpag ttset tpénahey.

– Dji elltpin voe voet èñintchi! ttétsien ño.

Ehakpon té andjiék ttogopall, ye voet kadjoedhankpen yu, ndowéttset dindjié llen ey gwottset tchizjiandidjia.

Akpon tchiéllugu tthey ttétsien éakpon tanttcho gwopat, voe voet gwottsen ttsindjõ konllen kiyondidjia. Akpon lloe tthey dindjié llen tinégutizjit.

(9:190-194)

The Sailor

Etpoetchokpen, the sailor, was the first to build a canoe. In spring, he chose the best barks and tried them out. First, he tore the bark from fir trees, threw it in the water, jumped onto it and let it float with the current. It sank to the bottom.

Then he tore the bark from paperbirch, flung it in the water, leapt onto it and let it float with the current. It floated wonderfully well. He therefore chose it to build his canoe, which he was able to make through his magic powers.

He therefore climbed to the top of a tall fir tree, bound himself to it and slept. In that instant, the bark, withes and frames for the future canoe appeared at the foot of the tree. *Etpoetchokpen* slept a second night and when he woke up, the ribs were all in place and the canoe built.

So he set it afloat, but it leaked from every side. *Etpoetchokpen* climbed back up his tree and spent a third night there, and the next day the canoe was caulked, the withes set in the bottom, and the oar included. So the boatman got in and set off down river.

In the beginning, we are told, the otter and the mouse lived together. The sailor arrived at their dwelling and the otter, which ate human flesh, gave *Etpoetchokpen* something to eat. She gave him ground meat which looked like red powder. It was in fact human flesh, dried and grated by the mouse.

The otter, who is the devil, therefore stayed where she was and gave the man this warning:

"As you go down river, do not drink river water, but only the water of a swiftly flowing stream which feeds it."

But the otter intended to trick the man.

So, when the sailor was once more on his way and looking for this stream, the otter ran alongside him on the shore: the man cried out to the devil:

"Is this the stream? "

"No, farther down."

"Here? "

"Farther down."

"Surely it is this little river? "

"No, I tell you, it is much farther downstream."

Etpoetchokpen continued on his way, but soon he found that the river was jammed with rotting corpses, skulls and bones, dead bodies floating. So many were there that they looked like islands above the water.

The devil was still running along the shore abreast of the canoe. To avoid him, the boatman pulled towards the opposite bank; but the devil-otter swam across the river before he reached it, and waited for him there.

Not knowing how to force a passage through the floating corpses, *Etpoetchokpen* said to the devil:

"Weave to and fro ahead of my boat, to clear a passage for me."

The otter obeyed him. It swam and swam amidst the corpses, and the boatman, paddling his boat after it, pressed on through the labyrinth of islands formed by the piles of dead bodies. At last, he reached the other bank, where he camped and slept for a very long time.

The next day, the sailor killed two beavers and camped once more. While he slept, the otter and the fisher entered his body through the rectum. But he awoke and cut a branch of willow, made a loop in it, and with this instrument pulled the two vile parasites from his body; they gained nothing from their adventure, but the dubious colour of their skins and the foul odor they exude.

Then, the boatman set off once more in his canoe and saw a living being, a man, spearing fish with a trident. *Etpoetchokpen* spying on him secretly, changed himself into a pike and approached the man without being seen. The sailor rose to the surface of the water to bask in the sun. The man with the trident thought he could reach it with his spear, but found he had pierced only a clump of bog-weed.

Resuming his original form, the boatman rowed on in search of men and reached the place called: "There where only the human heart exists".

Now, on the river bed there dwelt *Nopodhittchi*, with his wife and daughter. At this time, he was not at home. The sailor went into the giant's abode, made himself comfortable, and sat beside the giant's wife for many days.

Suddenly, the Violent One arrived in a canoe. His wife had told *Etpoetchokpen*:

"If my husband arrives and the wind is in this direction, be off as fast as you can in your canoe."

The boatman therefore set out again over the water, pursued by the dogs of *Nopodhittchi* (The Violent One), yelping for his blood. He killed the Violent One's wife, climbed up a fir tree and passed water; there resulted a great river into which he pushed the giant's daughter. She drowned and floated away.

Then *Etpoetchokpen* went in search of the men who had died in those waters. Sitting in his canoe, he rocked upon the water. From this rocking such great waves resulted that the whole earth was covered and flooded. The water thundered, the torrents roared, there was a total flood. No one could save himself.

Seized with horror, *Etpoetchokpen* noticed a sort of giant straw punctuated with holes. He climbed onto it and caulked it, for his canoe had been engulfed by the waves and had sunk. And his giant straw floated on the waters, which could not sink it.

The sailor floated onwards in his giant stalk casing until the waters had evaporated and the earth had dried. He then alighted on a mountain peak, where his stalk had come to rest.

The boatman stayed long on this high ground, and descended only after several days. This mountain is called the "Resting Place of the Old One", for it was here that

Etpoetchokpen stayed. It is the peak which rises to the right of Fort MacPherson, in the Rocky Mountains.

Downstream along the river (Yukon), two very tall pinnacles of rock are separated by a narrow gully. At this point, the current is fast and powerful. Standing with one leg on each rock so that the river flowed between his legs, and dipping his hands in the water, the sailor seized the corpses of men which floated past, just as one scoops up fish.

Having gone further down towards the sea of Beavers, *Etpoetchokpen* perceived a hydra, lying prone, its jaws gaping, in mid-stream, so that all the water rushed between those jaws in a swift torrent. *Etpoetchokpen* sailing onwards, passed through the jaws of the sea monster, passed through its body in the rushing stream, and came out through its back passage. This was his last adventure as a sailor.

Then *Etpoetchokpen*, having disembarked, set out in search of living survivors. There were no men left alive. There was only the Raven perched on one claw on a tall rock, sleeping, his hunger satisfied.

The sailor, a sack in his hand, climbed to the top of the rock, surprised the Raven in his sleep and captured him in his sack, intending to kill him.

Then, the Raven said to him:

"I beg you, do not hurl me down from this rock; if you do, I shall make all the men remaining on earth disappear, and you will find yourself alone in the world."

Nevertheless, *Etpoetchokpen* hurled the Raven down from the rock and its body was shattered into a thousand pieces, and its bones scattered at the foot of the mountain. Then he set off again.

But the Raven's prediction proved correct. Soon the sailor thought he heard the sound of men's voices as they passed the night in desporting themselves, for it was the time of the summer solstice, when the sun does not sink below the horizon, and the night is passed in amusements. But he had been mistaken: he saw no human beings. He travelled long, he travelled far, but found no one. All the tents were abandoned, there were no more men on the earth. *Etpoetchokpen* saw only a loach and a pike stretched out on the mud, basking in the sun.

He therefore returned to where the white bones of the Raven lay scattered at the foot of the mountain. He collected the bones together, assembled them and put them back in place as best he could, then he put a blanket over them and farted over it, and this fart set all the bones back in place and restored flesh and life to them. But he had been unable to find one of the Raven's claws, so that when it was restored to life, it had only three claws on its feet.

The sailor had done this so that the Crow (an evil spirit) might help him to repeople the earth. They therefore went to the beach where the pike and the loach

were sleeping in the sun, their bellies on the mud; then the Crow said to *Etpoetchokpen*:

"Do you pierce the belly of the pike whilst I do as much for the loach."

So when *Etpoetchokpen* pierced the flank of the pike, a host of men issued forth. The devil-Crow did as much for the loach and from this fish there streamed forth a multitude of women.

In this manner, we are told, the earth was repopulated.

(Told by *Dindjié Sylvain Vitoedh*, in December 1870, at Fort Good Hope)

(11:30-38)

30 Ennahi or Ekta-odu-hini, and Nopodhittchi.

Etpoetchokpen nazjié ayu ttsit han hozjié tchojié, ttsit dhelpen nan kwozjit, yattcho. Ennahi kwottsen agudikki padhéjié, tpadh, ttsi-kutiñi toekloedh.

– Soe tchey, sédétchi pàh nan zjeg noepagutpolla ll'édji! yaño kotchpô.

– Akpwa! dindjié ño. Etaoduhini Etpoetchokpen ndétchitchitizjié yu, payénantchi. Nan doetthen gwopat, chwon ttset tédihi, voe détchi ttiet nan kkèdhannen, akponlloe voepa toepan kkigwenhè tinétizjik.

– Akponlloe, si lloe è dindjié dellpdha! yaño:

Etpoetchokpen yettset pathpèjiw. Yé kko téodhindjek, étoetéyidié ttset tédidjik.

Zjiel lloe voetépan tédhidié.

– Choe ñan zjié! yaño.

Yéchoe azjia Zjen enlloe. Zjié ven kédhétik.

– Soe tchey, yétièh klô natpahô, yaño. Voetpal'pah koeñanchi, kkeyendjil'. Akpon ey klô yaño, athen kenlloe ttehon.

Voel'é tchijié.

Soe tchey, kkè nakpen koetehodié, yaño. Voetpal' pah khidhapè, show khoe tanzji, voel'étchojié, kodathako kkéyendjil'. Dendjig lloe khékiyaño. Dendjig-entehpan voenéñan-tschit.

– ñahé! yaño. Kukkan joe, chwon ttset tédizjik. Voel'é tchojié tchpantchpat.

– Soe tchey, soe kkadh gwottset édéhal! yaño. Soe tchey, Nopodhittchi soetchidanhè, tiño.

Akponlloe pan-ttset nakadh oltllet, alkak zjit voeh! voeh! voeh! tiño. Toetpèdinihey: tpan kkpag tpelkak. Tpan vittset, ño. Nan kkit ninédhijié dindjié tinétihig. Nopodhittchi tinttcho.

– Soe tchey, voe kpéttchadé tpannéñintcha, yaño.

Etaoduhini ékponttédiño joe Etpoetchokpen yekpèttchadé tpan neñatchill gwopat, kwihit tatanen, voekko-ttsiunhé kkannédhatchit yéétchidhapdha.

Voe ttsindjô éñédha nénidhéjié yu. Nopodhittchi voe ttsindjô, ey tchpan Etpoetchokpen yekkè-dan-kpa, voe klet dhakpa yu, yedhelxen, ninidhet.

– Soe tchey, vi kii konlli, voe ttset inhey, voe tchinlpdha, yaño Etaoduhini. Etpoetchokpen yettset tchojié. Intsi vah: voe zjoegoe djion tetpoll'a, yénijit. Ttchiñen ttchek zjit dhidié kkelloe: wuh! wuh! tiño. Kwottset tchojié, tinllé zjit yétchi-tthen oëndjik, yé kkannédhatchil yu, vi tchipan nétiñédhédja.

Nopodhittchi vi éttsi ttsé itchin enlloe gonlli, yéttset tchojié, ttsoevi tchpô llé kkpag tédhdhéjié. Etpoetchokpen, dheylloezj, voe l'azj nillen tchpô tinétizjik, yétièh étpèta ttsétchin, èpilldji, tchion yè dhelpen, ninidhet.

Ey kwotlen nédhijié. Ehtaoduhini, voe l'en konllen. Siè tthey, zjow tthey, athen tchpan, nidzjin tchpan, kodathako ttsell étpikidhohô. Akponlloe Eta-oduhini:

– ne nen vunkpat inhey Etpoetchokpen ttset tiño. Vàh voe tpadh yéñatpien.

– Soe l'en nézjandhelzen kottschié nédinhey, yaño. Ey gwopat dindjié nédhéjié.

Kuyu, tsoeyi nendjiw voe llè kkpag dhétchi, klla zjit toetthen atoetédhikli yu dhétchi. Tpadh nigunijit, pan ttset koekpaéda tthek: paw! paw! tthek. Zjow détchpan zjannelpadh. Akponlloe Etoetpétchokpen ézjel:

– Itsi, nel'en soe detchpan kotpanenelpwo, ézel' Akponlloe Etaoduhini voe l'en kunkpat kenxi:

– Voe dzjey! voe dzjin! tsey! tsey! vèh! vèh! tiño. Kodathako yettset zjontpelkidohô. Klô ey tchidi nénizjié kiño.

Tchottoendow dindjié tsenlloe. Ndowé tipen kkitchojié, voetpadh zjit ttchédoe-tapak kwodheltsen. Etaoduhini voetpadh zjit.

(9:194-198)

EHTA – ODU – HINI

(He who sees both in front and behind)

Etpoetchokpen, while out hunting, spied the earth of an enormous porcupine. He entered it, killed the porcupine and roasted it underground. From without, the flames and smoke from this fire could be seen issuing forth.

Then *Ehta-odu-hini* went towards this underground fire, during a very dark night. He struck the ground with his stone axe, saying to the man:

"I will open a passage for you."

The man refused to come out. But "He who sees both in front and behind" took pity on his foolishness. He laboured long, pitting his strength against the hard ground, striking ever harder with his flint spear to make an opening, and finally he unearthed the man, and said to him:

"Have no fear, little son, I am kind and kill no one. I have come to deliver you."

Etpoetchokpen therefore came out of the hole on hands and knees and went towards the kind giant. *Ehta-odu-hini* lifted him by the scruff of the neck like a little cat and placed him on his shoulder, and so set off.

Ehta-odu-hini had a louse on his stomach.

"Here," he said to the man, "seize that louse which is pricking me and put it between my teeth."

The man obeyed. But this louse was nothing other than a great musk rat!

Carrying the man on his shoulder, the good giant strode through the sky.

"Look, little son," he said next, "look at those mice scampering below."

Now, what he called mice were in fact reindeer!

The giant hurled his spear at these animals and struck them.

They went on further.

"Little son, look at those hares sitting on their haunches."

What he called hares were in fact moose! He speared them and slung them around his waist as if they had been partridge and went on his way.

All was devoured in a single meal.

He gave *Etpoetchokpen* a whole side of moose:

"Eat that," he said to him. But it was too much for the man.

The giant went on further.

"Little son," he said "we shall go together to my fishing reserves."

On the way, he added:

"*Nopodhittchi* (the Most Violent One) has sworn my death, for he hates me."

Suddenly, a fox ran past over the ice. He tried to go through it for it was transparent, but finding that he was unable to do so, he grew angry at its hardness, crying: "The ice is deceptive."

All at once, this fox changed into a man, for it was the evil one himself, *Nopodhittchi*.

He hurled himself upon *Ehta-odu-hini* and they fought for a long time, hand to hand. The latter was beginning to weaken when, remembering the man, he called out:

"Cut, my son, cut the tendon of his leg."

Etpoetchokpen cut *Nopodhittchi's* leg tendon causing him to fall and then killed him. *Nopodhittchi's* wife had run to the scene and the sailor cut the tendon in her neck and thus dealt her a mortal blow.

"Little son," called the good giant, "the Violent One has a son: rush upon him and kill him also."

The infant was still in his birch-bark cradle. He hurled himself at the man, crying: *"Wu! Wu!"* *Etpoetchokpen* split open his chest and smashed in his skull with the iron of his spear.

Nopodhittchi had also a nubile daughter. *Etpoetchokpen* violated her; then, climbing to the top of a tall fir tree, he urinated. This made a river in the waves of which the nubile daughter drowned and was carried away towards the sea.

After these adventures, *Etpoetchokpen* retraced his steps. *Ehta-odu-hini* had many dogs, such as the bear, the reindeer, the moose, the lynx, the wolf, etc. They had all run away into the woods. The good giant therefore said to the man:

"Return to your mother." He made him a gift of his stick, adding:

"Go now, lest my dogs tear you to pieces, for they all seek your death. If ever you are in great danger, call my name and I shall hasten to your aid; for I am henceforth your powerful and kindly protector."

Etpoetchokpen therefore bade the good giant farewell and when night came, he climbed to the branches of a tall fir tree and made himself secure to sleep there, for he feared the dogs of the Mighty Spirit of Good. And indeed, during the night he heard the tread of animals and a strange noise: "*paw! paw!*" It was the sound of wolves gnawing the base of his fir tree to bring it down and devour the man.

Then *Etpoetchokpen*, in his terror, raised his voice and began to cry out:

"Grandfather, your dogs are trying to make me fall by felling my tree."

At once he heard "He who sees" calling his dogs: "*Voedzey! Voedzin! Voedzey! Voedzin! tsey! tsey! vèh! vèh!*" And at that same moment, wolves, bears and jackals left the tree to run back to their master. It is said that the mouse arrived first.

From this moment on, *Etpoetchokpen* was a man, he went back to his mother and followed her in her nomadic wanderings, performing miracles with the help of the stick which the Good and Almighty one had given him.

(Told by *Sylvain Vitoedh*, in 1870, at Fort Good Hope)

(11:38-43)

Kpwon-étan tthey Nakantsell tthey ttsindjô pahan nil'eykoetapan. Ttsindjo L'atpatsandia buzji. Nakantsell voetchiakpen konllen tinétizjik. Kpwonétan kodathakº tpadanshet. Ey tthey voe tchiakpet llen. Ey gwopat ettsendow shan ñipakwitéttchin, nizjigo ñil'eykhoedhapè ttogopalloe.

ñil'eykhoetapan. Ttsindjô nizjin L'atpatsandia, kiténivia, tsow-kit téshoetchpo ttien ttset vendjikaneltsi kwindjia néyitchitiyik. Kiténivia tagoettset-oëndjik tchittschiet kokkénatpié. Edétan kuttié tchitpen ñil'eykoedhapè. Kpwon-étan Dindjié-kpet tchanten gwopat, voe tchpa dhapen. L'atpatsandia vi kii kkèlloe kpwa.

Akpon kpwon-étan tchilkiek kuyu, voe tchpa tthey, nillen nan ttset paenlen ey voepè nékidhéjya yu. Dindjié llen kupâh kukkè koetpatsi. Kpwon-étan nillen nahantinézjié; voe tchpa tchidi ékpontindjo; akpon yè kkaon voetpow tchojié. Voe tchpa toetpèdinizjié yu, voe hey naltcha tinétizjik, voekkè ll'u konllen, nitié ttset tédizjik gwopat, chwo tpakii yu, viyondè yédhapey.

Kpwon-étan vi kii konlii. Vi kii titpié ttschié nadjet gwopat, tchi noekpag, yétièh nizjit nédenhè, gwottsen vikii kwodatlan tedhtchojié. Kpwon-étan yékki-kédétik yu, tchi tchpô kkpag tedhidié. Vikii tthey yàh kwéttchin.

– Soe hanzé, yaño, klla étan tédihi yu, ìtllu. Siàt tchi padjinlli. Noedzjéré soe kkpag tchindéninlli, yaño. Klla ètan lloe, kpwon nétillik, yoetilkkin, yatag tdha-llé, kpwon nathey yu, khé kunkpat kuñahi. Yéttschié ttset khé étpizié yu, zjow kpwon pa

tsié deditpik, kpwon nèdjopaw gwopat, kpwon noethoen, kpwon étan kédhétik, atsé kuyu, kpwon étan tchi koetpow nédhizjié. Ey gwopat Kpon-étan vazji.

Eyiakpon Kpwon-étan tikii vaño:

– Kpwon siat neltsen, yaño, Vikii yatag tsow kkèdédhankpal', ñikkpagtègoetétidhilli, akpon kpwon djidhikkien.

Akponlloe Kpwon-étan voenllé-chow tchpô odhindjek, ti kii kadjedhankpen, yé tschien éñanthey yu, yédhelpen, akpon tthey kwotpè-yénandjia.

Ey kwotlen lloe voet siénoedjéttsen eypàh Dindjié kkedadhpa yu. Dindjié kodathakº dhelpen. Titthen kwizjey ékudittchen, tiyéta tthey kuzjin tinttcho.

Ey tchi tchpô voe kkpag akpontindja. Kpwon-étan yaño:

– Tchi tchpô lloe, si tsi ttpotchédi-ten nakpay ñè ttset noenelshet. Tè tiñanttcho?

Akpwon gwottsen, ti zjé gwottset nétchitik, vé pey toedindjiéjyu ninidhoet tlen. Kpwon-étan odhindjek. Ttsindjôw zjôh zjié dhidié, zjégoe-dhéhè dhitchi, scharahnidhizjié, voekpè-ttchadé hey ttiet pakpat gwopat.

– Soe pey, Kpwon-étan yaño, kwallndak ttset titinhi.

– Soe kpéy-ttchadé pakpat, yaño ttsindjô, nitchi negutillklet, té djinño?

Kpwon-étan voetchpa l'entsell inl'agzjé vikii kkaon nidhelschien.

– Soe pey, atenhen dhitchi kitagunttcho. Onhan nétchindik, nél'en atsé ll'édji, kukkan! Koyendow dji, djien nédéinhey chon! yaño Kpwon-étan.

Akponlloe voe tchpa toe ttsindjô noet sétpèdallik yu nizjit ttset tchojié. Voe l'en tsell ttô-djiddhankli, khédhétik. Nan tpan kkpagoe ttset dhéjié, ézjionhon kuttchin èlloe yetpèdhelpa kwottset tchojié. Nan tpan kkpagoe, voe kkàon tchugullu è voekonlli, pay dathakº kédhétik. Schi kpwa gwopat nétédiñanen yu, nétchi.

Akpon néttschiw ttsindjô ttset kwèhen-ahal, tpen ven gwottsen yéttset tpèdhelkik yu, yé tchi kèwopè nan kkpagoe dhéhén tinttcho, olltllet. Néttschiw ttsindjô tchi-pè pañikkiédhantcha kuyu: kukkan è neytendè. Néttschiw athen kunkpat tpelkik gwopat, ttsindjô ètoeodhendjik, yé tchi-ttien kkedhanpdha, yu, yédhelpen, andow-kkiedh pénitpien, yattchô, yéhoel', kodathakº yekkè kwanshet.

Anzjoe gwottsen néttschiw tpion konlli gwottset nakkènahig gwopat, tchion égwahén, tpuviñen, èlloe ninidhet, kodhindjik.

Kpwon-étan akpon shan kédhidik yu, voehet pahan bunkpat tsoedhétal kuzjin. Nakan tsell yéttsindjô yépa yinanzjié gwopat, shan tchojié. Kottsendow Dindjié ttset

ρan nidhéjié yu, tρaĕn kkénantρié yu ñikkaon dzjin tṣodjil aykkénantρié ttogoρall, tiyékki kρonkit zjin ρénidhéjié.

Ttsiñaρan kwizjin tiyklen dhidié: yoeρè négutankllet, kρwon tsell kudjokkin konkkit, kρwon nitschié tchatsen, kuyu nétchi dindjiéjyu. Yendow akρon ttṣiñaρan, ρdha, tchojié yu. Dindjié kρet vaño:

– ¸Soe kρwon gwottsen l'at tchρô ρaïnttay, tchovè attṣi, tiño, tinégutizjig. Tchidi tokonttcho?

Dindjiékρet tchugullu gρa gottset kitchillkiek. Kρwon-étan kρwon zjié netchi kkékhinantρié, kukkan và etiñitoedhet.

– Nitsontsédé gwottsen nininzjié? kiyaño.

Siétρè-khédhotchil yu, ñittschien-voeρa nitchotchil vitschien. Yoettset ñankwodh nikkédhotchil:

– Tchootindè dindjié ñilli? kiyaño.

Akρon Kρwon-étan éñédha nèdhizjié yu. Dindjié datρow tchidhankiek. Dindjié ttsenhan tchojié. Akρon:

– Akρonlloe, djugu-ρay l'aon kodathakº kρwon étan dindjié dhil'i: eygwoρat Kρwon-étan ¸soe tṣaño, kuño. Akρonlloe eykuttchin ρàh kwéttchin.

Koyéndow ρay, voe tt'sindjô unkρat nétchojié. Nakantsell yéρa yinanzjié gwoρat, gwottset kétρidik Dindjié llen ρàh. ñil'un kρatitsitoevè schi détan kenlloe, dindjié ttset ñankwodh: kukkan Nakantsell étρilldji, nézjié tchojié. Eygwoρat zjé tchatsen, anzjoegoe nidjen tṣékwéttchin, kotρanna tṣénidhatchié.

Nizjit nénézjié yu, an nizjit dhéhen yu: ρan ttset yatag nan ñankwodh tétizjik. Kρwon-étan schian vizjit tétillik. Nan kotρowdhéjiéyu, yétièh l'at konllen tρenven tthey l'at konllen, yatazjé ρaédjil', kkénantρié. Tρenven ttset ninézjié, nan kwozjié noegwit sittchen. Nan kwozjié nététschiw.

Voe ttṣindjô tsow tédhelhin, yoeρé ninézjié, tṣowllé tédhindjek, akρonttè yaño:

– Noe tazjié kρet niunkρat nikitchodjil. Noe tazjié kρet kkuvet natchétρatchρak, akρon schi nuρun ñaindjit, yaño.

Yaño, akρon, vàdhoeshthen l'édhanttiedh tedho ttogoρall. Yétièh zjé kllen, vitschit-nétoetanday, ttsindjô étchégéρdhey ninédenhè, ékké dakay tthey néodhendjik; akρon tchinédhéjié yu, voe ttsoedé tta nénilli, voe dindjiéju éñaïnllé. Akρon édétan:

– Siàh tinihyin! yaño Kρwon-étan. Kukkan tt'sindjô:

– É tédhiño! yaño, ttṣiñaρan il'i, ¸soe kρwon kρwa, zjionhon-tρet djiñño, yaño gwoρat. Kρwon-étan étoevoetédhindja yu. Vàh kuttchin yeρé nègudjankllet, khottset tchojié.

– Dji lloe étchégéρdhey nu wétazjié kρet kiéttsa nuρwàh dheltsen, kuño.

Etchégéρdhey tinllé ttiet téoendjik akρon naρdhey ttset tédizjik, étchégéρdhey voe l'at tinttcho, l'at nitschié tinétizjik. Ttρotchédi l'at kkakhinatρié akρon ey étchégéρdhey tinllek, ño, tdha kkρagoe.

ñikkaon, gwottset nétchotchil, kokkρadh. Dindjiékρet nan kwozjié négwititttchen kwottsenhan nitsotchil.

Kρwon-étan voett'sindjô vaño:

ñikkaon, kové allkρen dji, takon tiño ll'édji, noetoezjiék et noekuño, vadènday tρèlla: akρon ¸si lloe nitsontsédé étchidzéjé kkaon djiño ll'édjj, ¸si lloe tittcho yéniunzjit. ¸Soe ttset tchinhey, yaño.

Akρonlloe ρdha L'atρatsandia dhétchiyu Nakantsell nakρenkρet kokon, ttsoedé inl'agzjé voettiet khinidhatchié yu, édétan voe tthèlloe ttiet tlagokkwa kodhénantchit. Akρon kove allkρen akρon, takon tiño tthek: iyaw! iyaw! tiño. Akρon ρanttset ttsindjô tlagokkwa vizjit ttsoedé ñittséallttiédh voellé gwottset, utoeρadheltchi. Nakantsell kρet dhelρen, voe dindjiéju ttset tchidhajié yu, yékkitchojié ttset tédizjik.

Akρonlloe yétièh négwititttchen, tidzji élloekρwa, schian ttiet tidzji kuñanéintchit; akρon yétièh kit ṣotchil. L'atρat sandia ndjow konllen kwotρèt Dindjié kkidhéjié.

Akρonlloe Kρwon-étan voe ttṣindjô néodhindjek yu, kρonkkit kρwon tsell ey kwézjin kudjokkan, ey kρwon tsell ρakuttchétégwanhi. Voe ttṣindjô kwizjin kukkan tsendja nizjin gwoρat, ñizjigo voeρayit sazjié.

Schin tρet, ñil'oedoe ñen l'oetρè khoedhahè yu, yétièh ttset nikhenilli yoenétρantchek kunkρat; ρanttset dji ñen tchi nitschié ttset tinétizjik. Djugu kkèlloe voe konlli tρétllé ttset. Tchi tchρô buzji.

Koyendow ttset, tchion ttset vitt ¸si ρah voedindjié nischitanklo, ttsoevi tchρô téklla zjit yetchindhanklu. Kwotlen nétchillkiek, nizjit kρwa kwottset nétchitizjié. L'atρatsandia nidjen atṣéyu, Kρwon-étan yaño:

– Yendow dji, ¸si khii naρudenday-tρella, yaño. L'eyttsen-ennahi vunkρat nétρeysia, yaño. Kottsendowé nétṣétpédanllik yu, Dindjié unkρat tchojié, Dindjié llen él'adoe-nikhénidjia ttset-tillé.

Kottsendowé, anzjoegoe tthey voe hèt kkèlloe voeρayitṣajié, tchion tchρô ven zjig ézjionkρet yéρa yikhetajié étρilltchi. Ey ttogoρall joe Dindjié unkρat tchojié. Tρen ven ninézjié yu, ttṣiñen nakρen kidhotié dètchρan kwozjeg, kuρàh tiñanttchi inl'ag vi kii unkρat kkénantρié, kukañahi. Kéégwahan tsotchil yu ttsiñen kpet yéttschié ttset nitoel'éñahi, van tchρô voekllen èlloe détchρan konllen, l'eyttsenhan voe tllet kρwa, nidjen ttchen tiñanttchi vikii kkanantρié gwoρat, kunkρat yénidhen, ρanttset ttṣiñen sié ttset tédizjik, ¸sié kkaon kakpédohó van tchρô koetρôwkoedhohó yu, kwotlen dindjié kenlloe, tiñanttchi zjandhalρen.

Akɒonlloe Kɒwon-étan Nakantsellɒen ninézjié yu, kkɒay zjié dhidié, voe het unkɒat kuñayin. Akɒon L'atɒatsandia ɒateyta, ɒanttset yékkanatɒié yu ñikkion tchitadhek yu, ñikkion-ttset kuñahyin, akɒontté tédihi lloe, kkɒay zjié tiyendé voe gutéttchen gwoɒat lanval'i: Akɒonlloe: – Soe dindjié tinttcho, yénidhen gwoɒat, ttsendjo tchion inzjien kuyu, yéttsen dhantsen.

Akɒon Nakantsell zjé dhidié, yettset tɒè-tchillkiek yu:

– Tchidiɒadé tchion tɒéïnkllet? yaño.

– Akɒon ttchi ṣoendé ttogoɒalljoe, tchion zjit kudhillɒè ɒàh til'é, yaño.

Akɒonlloe Nakantsell: Il'éhen tiño, yénidhe, toe zjé gwottset nétchitik. Kɒwon-étan lloe vàh kuttchin ttselloe tɒét zjan-né gutankllet kuttset nédhéjié yu, tɒen ven viné ténikitchoédh, tɒion nitschié kɒwa kénidhen yéven viné-tṣotchil. Kkatchaten nakɒen djootɒin dzjin kkit van tchɒò ven tṣenidhadjié yu, ettsendow Dindjié han nikiyondijia Nakantsell voe tchiakɒet ttset.

L'atɒat sandia tsow kkit dhidié yu, kuté-guñahi tséïndja. Voe kɒèɒaëdikiedh, voe kɒèkkéñitcha gwoɒat:

– Eɒoe, tiño, soe kɒè voetɒaneykɒey, tiño. Etchégéɒdhey oëndjik yoe kɒé ṣié tinétizjik yu tchitchidhijié. Voe dindjié yaño:

Noe tazjiékɒet ñunkɒat nikiyondijia, kuɒè schi è voe konlli. Etchégéɒdhey dindjié ñaïntchit yu:

– Ṣi kki tchinhey! dindjiéju yaño.

– Tè djinño? è tédhiño. Kwézjin il'i, akɒon soe kɒè kodathakº ɒaedikiedh, yaño. Kové allkɒen silloe, dindjié kkaon tsotchil: titchinhè konllen. Kodathakº zjié ttset dindjié dhelɒen, Kɒon-étan Nakantsell voe tchiakɒet hankoenattchet. Nakantsell voe tchɒa ey tchɒan dhelɒen. Chwon tédhelyin, akɒon kukkan yédhelɒen yu, ninidhet. Voe dheyja kokon schi kwizjé tanchet, yoe tschien ñittséanchil, yoe ttsig onhan-tɒé-dhillkllet, yunné détchɒan kkɒag yoe thell zjit nathey, yoe zjé-llé kwikkion nékléyédhidié ttset-tédizjik: yé tchiɒé dhelschiuk, yoe tchi dhelklè. L'atɒatsandia nédhindjek akɒon nétchojié.

Kottsendow Nakantsell:

– Voe ntɒalsha! yénizjit: kukkanjoe chwon tédhelyin, kutenhen tthey, kuchsi tthey, kukkié tchɒan ñizjigo ñil'oekékkié gwoɒat, ñikkion étoekhédhanyin.

Kɒwon-étan lloe cheg koyenday, schin zjin yédhelɒen, ño.

(9:199-213)

The Man Without Fire

Kɒwon-étan, the man without fire, and the *Nakkantsell*, or the Pygmy, were quarrelling over a beautiful woman called *L'atɒa-tsandia*, she whom everyone tries to steal from the other.

Nakkan-tsell had many soldiers, all as small as himself, who were slaughtering the relatives of *Kɒwon-étan*.

Kɒwon-étan likewise commanded many followers and had killed all the Pygmies in battle. Thus it happened that the two rivals were the only survivors of their armies and fought on alone, each trying to kill the other.

One day, as the general fighting continued, the beautiful woman, *L'atɒa-tsandia*, the cause of this rivalry, hidden behind the entrance to her tent, gazed with great attention through a crack in the tent at what was happening without, for, on the plain, a host of men were fighting each other to the death over who should have her. Shod in snow-shoes, they were rushing upon one another.

Kɒwon-étan had already killed his brother, and was resolved to do great slaughter amongst his other rivals. In pursuit of each other, the warriors arrived at the bank of a river which *Kɒwon-étan* crossed. But his younger brother had crossed it before him and his damp snow-shoes became coated with such a thick layer of ice that they grew very heavy. The warrior stumbled and fell and *Kɒwon-étan* caught up with him and killed him.

The only son of the Stranger without fire had climbed the steep slope of a mountain and hidden there, for fear that his father might slay him also. *Kɒwon-étan* pursued him, armed with a cutlass, and sat on the mountain-side, his son beside him.

"My descendant," he said to him, "I am cold: light a fire and give me your mittens to warm my hands." For he had come without his fire-stone and carrying a brand which he had dropped in the snow, so that he was now half-frozen, bemoaning his dead brand and forgotten fire-stone.

His son took pity on him. He gave him his mittens, cut and piled wood and set it alight. Then *Kɒwon-étan*, warm again, seized his cutlass and drove it into the bowels of his only son, and threw him from the rock. Then he said to the mountain:

"At the summit of the high mountain, I have sacrificed to you, before the beginning, a choice victim, which I have sent to you. What have you done with him? "

After this misfortune, *Kɒwon-étan* went back down to his tent where he found his brother's widow. For, after the latter's death, the Man without fire had taken her as his second wife.

Crouching in the snow with her face to the ground, she was wailing because the nerve of her foot had been strained and had contracted. She was the mother of a little dog which her husband had given to her, for she belonged to the Dog-People.

Kρwon-étan then said to her:

"Mistress, tell me a story, an interesting one."

"Ah! the nerve of my leg has contracted" said she. "I am in great pain. I have lit a fire in the tent for you. What more do you want? "

The Stranger Without Fire grew angry.

"Mistress, I am going to sleep," he said to her. "Be off, and take your dog with you. Even if your son cries, I never want you to come back here again."

The wretched girl arose, took her dog, and went a long way off, she, the wife of her brother! She walked along, weeping and pressing the little dog to her heart. Thus she went on a long way through barren country where no trees grew, seeking a people who would not kill her and her dog. All winter long she wandered in a wilderness where no path was to be found. At last, having nothing to sustain her and at the end of her strength, she lay down to die, with the dog beside her.

Suddenly, a wolverine (some claim it was a white wolf, *Pèlé*) ran up to her. It shook her and pulled at her hair. She did not move. This wolverine had come from the banks of a stream. At last, its shaking roused the woman from her torpor. She defended herself, throwing a stone at the wolverine which struck it on the neck and killed it. Thus she provided herself with meat.

Then, following the animal's tracks, she found the river and drank her fill. She was saved.

After these happenings, the Pygmy once more stole the wife of *Kρwon-étan*, so that the latter was once more obliged to set out to win her back. But, this time, he was alone. As he went on, he found that the track he was following showed signs of being ever more recently made. At last, it was apparent that it dated only from the day before. But the camp he reached was deserted. Only an old woman was there, sitting beside a very small fire, for she always had a small fire in reserve.

To warm the Stranger Without Fire, the old woman built up a blazing fire, near which the traveller fell asleep. When evening came, the old woman went to tell the people amongst whom the Man Without Fire had come of the latter's arrival.

"A great wonder has befallen me" she said to them, for fear that they might blame her, or in pretence of not recognizing her husband; "from my fire, small as it is, a great cloud of smoke has arisen. Come and see what has happened."

All the people ran at once to the spot and saw *Kρwon-étan* awake, but lying amidst the burning brands which he had divided in two.

They split into two bands and, unknown to him, surrounded him, surprising him in this strange position.

"What manner of man are you," they said, "and where do you come from? To which race do you belong? "

Kρwon-étan arose, leapt from the fire and, breaking through the human circle, said to those people:

"I am a Stranger Without Fire, Without Home. I have been travelling all winter, wandering here and there; this is why I am called *Kρwon-étan*."

"Stay with us," the people said to him. And he agreed to their request.

I must correct myself: it was not until a year later that *Kρwon-étan* went in search of *L'atρa-tsandia*, who had been carried off by *Nakkan-tsell*. But he took an army with him, for the Pygmy had many soldiers.

While on the march, his army fell prey to famine while the country of the Pygmies was still far distant. They came to a sea whose shores are barren and treeless, and continued round it for twenty nights without meeting a living soul.

At last they sighted a mountain far in the distance. But by his magic powers the Man Without Fire brought it near at hand and, by the same powers, crossed over it, for it was shrouded in black smoke, so thick that it hid the sky and floated over the sea.

Beside this sea lived the Pygmy troglodytes. They lived under the ground. The stranger entered their caves but did not find his wife: she had gone to cut and collect wood up the mountain. *Nakkan-tsell* was not there just then, either.

Kρwon-étan went into the forest and met his wife; as he seized the end of the tree she was carrying on her shoulder, he said:

"Wife, your kin have come to take you back, but they are hungry for we have fallen prey to famine. Give us meat therefore." So saying, *Kρwon-étan* drew his flint knife and made cuts in the flesh of his thighs.

L'atρa-tsandia returned to the underground village without saying a word to anyone. She went inside her dwelling, searched and found pemican and pats of fine lard, scooped them all up into her blanket and returned to give them to her husband.

"How I have longed to see you again, o my wife! " said *Kρwon-étan*, "and what happiness it will be to possess you again! "

"Hush, hush," she said. "I am old and the fire of my passion has burnt low."

The Stranger therefore did not insist upon more intimate relations. He returned to his followers who were encamped not far off and said, offering them the pemican:

"Here is a loaf of meat and lard from the daughter of your people! " He held the food on high, but the pemican dissolved between his fingers and gave out a vast cloud

of smoke. It is said that that loaf was the cause of the black smoke he had seen from the plain, covering and obscuring the mountain.

The next day, they were on the march again and reached the underground villages. *Kpwon-étan* had already told his wife: "If tomorrow morning at dawn you hear the cry of the white grouse, you will know that your fellow countrymen have come to deliver you. And the cry of the screech-owl will direct you to the spot where I shall stand. Run to me then."

Thus, when evening came, *L'atpa-tsandia* lay down between her two Pygmy husbands. They slept all three under the same blanket, and *L'atpa-tsandia* had hidden a flint knife in her natural parts. When the dawn streaked the sky – the usual hour for a surprise attack – a ptarmigan's call was heard: "*Iyaw! iyaw!* "

At once the woman slit the blanket from top to bottom with her flint, rose silently, killed her two abductors and ran in the direction of her husband's screech-owl signal. The Pygmies were surprised and massacred.

Then *Kpwon-étan* and his people dwelt on high ground. His people had lost the power of hearing. He restored it to them through his magic powers. They crossed an archipelago from island to island, and the Stranger took back his old wife, though her fire had burnt low. This wife, though old, was flawlessly beautiful, which is why she was constantly abducted.

During the summer, a miraculous event befell the couple. The wife had gone to gather lichen and put it to dry, and her husband was helping her to carry this lichen and spread it out in the sun, when suddenly the lichen changed into a great mountain. It is still seen in the Rocky Mountains chain and is called the "Grande-Montagne" (Great Mountain).

Later, the Stranger Without Fire dragged a man towards the sea, stretched him up against a tall fir tree and bound him to it securely. Then he went a little distance away. His old wife began to weep at this sight, but the Stranger said to her:

"Do not weep, for my son will soon be born again. I am going to see 'He Who Sees and Acts Both in front and behind! " Then he went away, weeping, and gathered a great band of warriors from amongst his people.(1)

Shortly afterwards, his beautiful wife was stolen from him again. The abductors disappeared towards the sea, as they had the first time. *Kpwon-étan* set out in search of them and reached the shore, where he found two young men sitting under a tree, and an old man looking for his son. As soon as they saw the old man, they hid to spy on him as he approached. The latter reached the great lake, whose shores are barren and which extends beyond the sight of man in all directions. Then the two young men changed themselves into bears and, walking as those animals do, crossed the great lake, changed back into human form and killed the old man.

(1)This paragraph is obscure. The narrator, unable to remember further details, could not clarify it.

Meanwhile, *Kpwon-étan* reached the dwellings of *L'atpa-tsandia's* abductors and hid within a thick bush, the better to spy upon his enemies. Suddenly, his wife appeared and began to look carefully all around the scene. Suddenly, she saw her husband's eyes gleaming through the branches of the bush.

"It is a man, a rescuer hidden there," she thought.

To show him that she had noticed him, she drew water and threw some on the bush as a signal, but hiding her purpose from any onlooker.

The Pygmy, who had been in the tent, ran towards her: "Why should you throw water in such a way? What does this mean? " he asked *L'atpa-tsandia* jealously. "The mosquitos are eating me alive, and I am chasing them off," she replied. So *Nakkan-tsell*, believing her words, went back into the tent.

Kpwon-étan then returned to his warriors who were hidden in the forest as he had the first time, and told them that he had found his wife again, but that she was closely guarded and that they would have to fight to win her back. They therefore resolved to make their way around the lake. But they had not realized how vast a lake it was, for they journeyed for twenty days and camped for twenty nights before they came upon the Pygmies once more.

When they arrived, *L'atpa-tsandia* was sitting at the door of her tent, swinging her feet and waving them without pause, like an idiot; for her poor feet were worn with old age, torn and sore.

"Aunt," said she to another old lady, "my feet are torn and sore." The old woman put a cake of ground meat and soft lard on her feet and they were healed and restored. Then the wife went to meet her husband. *Kpwon-étan* again said to her:

"Your countrymen have come to deliver you, but they are without food. First, give us something to eat."

L'atpa-tsandia gave him pemican, or ground meat with soft lard.

"Follow me into the forest," he said to her, "I need you."

"What are you saying? " she replied. "Do not speak that way, for I am old and my feet are torn."

The Stranger Without Fire then returned alone to his warriors; but next morning, as the sky lightened they rose up to fight, and slew great numbers.

Kpwon-étan killed all the Pygmies and, as their Chief was not there, fought long with the latter's younger brother, but could not overcome him. At last, however, he laid him low, drove his knife behind his collar bone and slit his body down its entire length, thus killing him. He pulled out his enemy's entrails and scattered them on the ground. He impaled him on a sharp stake like an animal, hoisted him to the roof-top, but not before he had scalped him completely.

Then *Kpwon-étan* took back his wife *L'atpa-tsandia* and returned to his own land. As for *Nakkan-tsell*, the chief of the Pygmies or Little-Enemies, the Stranger Without Fire still strove to vanquish him, but could not do so. Their stone axes, flint knives and arrows always met blade to blade, point to point. They therefore fought no more, and *Kpwon-étan* lived long afterwards, until old age claimed him in death, we are told.

(Told by *Sylvain Vitoedh*, in 1870, at Fort Good Hope).

(11:43-55)

5º L'en-akpey

Dindjié ñendé-kottlé, Kpwon-étan buzji, voe tchpa tthey, tpenven koenidjahè. Nakpen ñittset kidhéttschié gwopat, voe tchpa dhitchiyu, vi yondé ttchek tchpò dhantsen, kwozjié niñantchi, tsendjakllazjit ñischitanklo, tchion tchpō kkpagoe ndow voe tchienellthey.

Dindjié-détchpantpian étela, il'a yu tpiéditchig nitschié tpet éla. Akponttégunttcho, éguschiklig nidjendé neñinttag.

– Si tchey, siat tchidi tpè-invia, yaño. Yèpè tchi nédhévi yu, vittschié ttset tepdha tinétizjik. Etéla ttchon, djigundiégu, tchiontchpō ven tpohyil' voedétchpan tpian.

Chwon patchitihey ttogopall, zjiow nantlé:

– Soe kkpagoe klla ñanpash, yaño dindjié. Akponttè tétihin ttchon, chwon tinllek. Tsiégu nantlé tthey. Yoe klla apash, akpon èlloe dindjiépé tizjin konlloe, zjion étan tchojié.

L'en-natpaën égudéttchen, ey gwottset tchojié, dzjan tédhéhen, voe détchpantpian kokkpag tédheltpin; détpin kkpag èttié llen tédhitllé, inl'agzjey téodhindjek, kukkan joe tsen tchelltsen gwopat, chwon yaha, néyétchillhen, tpadéttsek gwopat.

L'en-tpaën kkénellkpek yu, pa tchpō zjit chwon kétik, akpontté kédhétik lloe. Sheg voe dhôw ñittuïnttchig tédhelschiw, nédhititli yu nittag. Zjé-konllen kkénantpié, ttsiñen tchittschiet nekpag vizjit ttset-tétiyin kuñahi.

– Soe ñen-dhôw! kuño zjanezel' pàh. Akponlloe sheg-dhôw nédhititli yu kadjoekelkpen. Nidjendè dindjié ttset nénizjié yu:

– Nupun lloe è dindjié dhipey, khiyaño, nupwàh kwinttchin. Chwon dindjié tétillik gwopat nidjen kwéttchin Dindjié.

Ey dindjiékpet tpendjidheyttset l'en, tpendjidheyttset dindjié konlloe.

Tséttchin kon kit dhidié, ttset tchojié. Voe klet l'enklet yèllen, voe kpé tchpan.

– ñité-inhey, pétpoen! kiyaño.

Dindjié llen yoe ttset tpékhédhétal.

– Si lloe siàh ñité-tpa-ha! kuño dindjiékpet, ñiténidhéjié, klô-adhoedh voeñatsintchit, tsénidhatchié, kukkan. L'en-akpey èlloe kidhotchié. Eïakpon édétan dzjin nakpen dhotchié gwopat, dindjiékpet zjanatsétthek:

– Atsina! χey! χey! Atsina! χey! χey! Ninidhet khénijit ttogopall, zjanatsé, panttset édétan napudenday kkétagunttcho.

– Nupwet kkiregwilhen kuño. Khè-ndé tchitpelndjia zjit, éñédhago tsoekinidhajié tinégutizjik.

Akponlle veydzé athen khétiyin, khitpè nitsidhizjit; veydzé nakpén dètchpan kkpag, tédhôtié, l'en inl'eg khittse pazjié.

Khitpènidhazjit tégutizjik yu:

– Via kupwet téteyklla, tiño. Athen-kpet nakpen èlloe kokonlli gwopat, khitétsoetattchi. Via tédhikli, L'en-akpey, ttsoevi-llè voeydzé pah tédhikli.

– Akpon nidjen ñanhè! pétpen kiyaño. Athen kunkpat kwinttchin, pétpen tchotli yu, nidjen nellhè, via kadhendak. Kukkan athen nak en élloekpwa, tpédjikeydhèt.

– Athen nakpen kkanintpié kudjin? kiyaño.

– Akpwa! kuño. Ttséttchin voehet enlloe:

– Athen, chwon otséïndjik, tiño, ñiidjil. Akpon veydzé nakpen tchpan kkit tédhotié kkanantpié yu, pétpen gwottset tchojié. Kkié zjit voe tpon éñinthey, inl'eg lloe détchpan ñéyttsenaschi kozjé vi tchi inhey; inl'ag lloe voe ninthéyu, nédhétik. Voe ttsindjo yé ttschien-ttset tpénidhazjit.

– Ah! athen étpihey, voe kllen kwottset ñankak! yaño. Kwottset tchilkiek. Inl'ag lloe tpoenaltthet alshen, ninidhet. Inl'ag lloe koënday ñité-dillnen, ttsindjô dhidié yu, veydzé néñinttagu yé étso kkeynantschit gwopat, ttsindjô ninidhet. Nétsotchil. Akpon pay kodathako L'en-akpey pàh kwettchin hattchen.

pay nigunijit, schi kpwa.

– Veydzé yétchi nodowdhet kiréyontohô, athen étan tittcho, khuño. Akponlloe tsotchil ttsi ttiet, tpèkoledé ttset kétchotié yu, yahan klô tchion kkpagoe khavia. Dji klô tchpan athen khétiyin. Kwoté tsokpé, kkié zjit tsattag, yatag nan kkaon nétsotchil, yathen, athen tpet kolli, khetchpankohô, kodathako kkié zjit tsedhapè. Tpen ven patoetselttié ttsindjokpet ttchi ketitillik, étschiégoe llen ll'ezji tpetseltschiw; akpon schi konllen.

L'en-akɒey nizjié ɒatchi-yondidjia, yụ, kunatɒagoettset étschieg tchitɒénelldjia tinétizjik. Ey gwoɒat teyzjé kékudjokkan, étschieg tidjokkin. ɒètɒen chwon ttset tétihi. Ey gwoɒat L'en-akɒey yéttset zjan-altschié.

– Djien noe nan kɒwa. Onhan tchinhey! ɒétɒen khiño. Kkinédhézjié ttchon, shan nétchojié.

ɒanttset ñittset-ndétittcho nazjié, yoe kké-tédhéjié, athen nanéhey. Voe hey l'eyttsé voe tchi konlli, voe hey ttien chsi tchɒô ɒaïndjiw. Voe hey kwoté natathey yu, dhidié. Athen llen dindjié yékunilli.

– Djaɒadé ʂoe kké-tchin-hey? yaño.

Voe then èlloekɒwa gwoɒat, dindjié yoe antlôgu:

– Djaɒàdè ʂoe ñitla? yaño. Dindjié îl'i gwottsen èlloetthey zjionhè-ɬɒet nillzjié, tiño ñittset-ndétittcho.

Voe ʂian zjé chsi ɒaïndjiw, djiño, ey show-ta-dahé yu, chsi ttiet ekkɒè teyɒè l'èdhanttiedh; athen llen yéñaïnllé.

– Tankɒè tɒadh tlen, anzjoegoe dindjié éɒilldji, ll'édji, yaño, athen inl'ag dhanɒen, akɒon tchugullu tischien ttset tchiinhey, ya ño ñittset-ndétittcho. Akɒonlloe nétɒidik.

Kwentledh kunidha. Eygwoɒat kkèlloe. L'en-akɒey ɒàh kwéttchin, dindjié.

Akɒon L'en-akɒey noekɒag zjit ttset tétiyin. Inl'ag:

– Akɒonlloe, dindjié tchelltsen! tiño. Akɒon ttsiñen l'en nillétchidhitindjik, ey tthey:

– Ey! teytsen tchelltsen! tiño. Akɒonlloe Dindjié ñittset-ndétittcho:

– ʂi chsi billi teytsen tchelltsen! khiyaño. È zjionhè nillzjié, tiño. ɒanttset kodathakº L'en-akɒey dhelɒen.

Akɒon ɒétɒen L'en-akɒey kwéɒen nénizjié yu, dindjié kɒwa. Kodathakº ninidhet. Eïakɒon Atsina L'en-akɒeytchugullu ttschiéttset tchojié yu, shey-dhôw-hèk néodhendjik voezjiazjié, ñittsetndetittcho akɒontté yaño.

– Kanédété tchɒô ndowttset nizjit ñittié ll'édji: Eɒatchɒan ɒaïnhè! djinño tɒella, yaño. Akɒonlloe Atʂina ñen-dhow zjiazjé yu tchion-tchɒô kkɒag tiñanen. Nizjit neñinttag, ey gwoɒat nan èlloekɒwa.

– Tɒeytchia ll'èdji! yénijit yu, ey gwoɒat:

– Chey-ndjô ɒainhè! tiño. Akɒon ɒanttset tchion kkɒag chey-ndjôw konlli, voe kket dhotchié. Akɒon tthey nizjit kkèlloe néñinttay yu, akɒon tɒeytchia! yénijit yu:

– Eɒatchɒan ɒaïnhè! tiño. Eïakɒon nogwaɒattset éɒatchɒan tɒiontchɒô kkit ɒaïnhè, voe kket tédhotié yu, néanzji.

Anzjoegoe gottsen viyondè onhan yoetɒatchi yéllen, ey gwottset néñittié. Vi yondé ttʂi zjit tsontl'ik éñoka. Akɒon kanedété vi yondé l'eyttsè-tiñottag yu, éñidhago ñittié. Vi yondè-tchiɒè oëndjig:

– Ah! sitchɒa, viyondé yaño, noen tininyin akɒonlloe! ʂié het inl'ag noe ñaintchit, yéñishen! yaño.

– Akɒwa! yétchɒa yaño. Nan-zjié-enlén nidjendé vi yondè dhelɒen. Tchion zjit yé tchi-ɒè tédhindjek, tchion zjit yédétilloe, yédhelɒen. Viyondè tchiñanen.

Ey kwotlen, nidjendé vi yondè toehet nakɒen kidhotié, gwottset tchojié yu, tchi-tag ɒadhéjyé yu, tdha kkit zjé kwéhen, ttʂindjô nakɒen kidhotié.

– Ehet kɒet, kiyaño, ʂi lloe ʂoe sheg-dhôw-hèk zjit, dji nan kkɒag ne ʂatidilloellik. Akɒonlloe nan kkɒag dindjié akɒwa, tiño.

Akɒonlloe kokon dhotié, khiɒè schi kɒadanhi. Inl'égoezjé voe kkɒag klô konlli; inl'aglloe voe kkè dhivi. Dindjiéyu ttsèlloe hankutsilloe yèllen. Tsénidhatchié yu dindjiéjyu kukon nidhatchié, kuɒwet dhotchié. Inl'ag vi kii konlli. Dindjié shoeg-ttétchɒan dakay yàh ttagu ɒaéñinthey gwoɒat. Inl'ag tthey akɒontétihi.

Akɒonlloe inl'a ñizjiétchojié dindjiéjyu, elltɒin tchɒô tɒèyoenédhanɒedh yu, yoekɒè-ttchadé dhèha, voe akɒeyshatɒall odhendjik, tchion ttset tɒènidhalχiw nidjen yédhelɒen, ninidhet. Ey elltɒin lloe vi yondè tinttcho lanval'i.

(9: 213-224)

The Dog-foot People

A man with two wives, named *Kɒwon-étan,* lived with his younger brother at the water's edge. These two brothers had quarelled, so the elder, while his younger brother slept, made a trough of wood, placed his brother in it, bound him securely, put a lid on the trough and flung it into the sea.

The box floated, buffeted by the rough waves. A gull saw it and flew quickly towards the strange object. The man bound within the trough said:

"Daughter, swim before my coffin."

The gull began to swim and the waters grew calm. Then the coffin sailed peacefully along and ran aground on the opposite shore.

But the man, bound as he was, could not get out of the coffin. Then a white wolf ran up to the box.

"Brother," said the man, "gnaw the bonds which hold me captive."

The wolf tried, but could not do it. A marten came, and gnawed the cord so well with its incisors that the man was freed from his bonds and climbed out of his coffin.

He walked along a path that none but dogs had followed and beaten. Here there was a trestle, on which the Stranger placed his wooden trough. On this trestle there was also venison, rich spoils of animals killed in the hunt. He took a fat piece of rump, but it stank of dog droppings so that he could not eat it and pushed it away because of its foul smell.

Following the trail worn by dogs the Stranger found himself surrounded by thick darkness and could advance only slowly. Then he came across the feather-decked remains of a great white eagle, hanging beside the path. He seized it and clothed himself as in a garment, to help him along his way, and flew towards a village which he could see from high up in the air. In the middle of the village, children were playing.

"Look, there is my robe of white eagle feathers! " they shouted when they saw the Stranger descending towards them. They hurled themselves upon him and pierced his white eagle's skin robe in a hundred places.

However, the Stranger went towards the adults of these people who said to him:

"We do not kill anyone. Stay with us."

For a long time, he refused their offer, but at length he agreed to stay with them.

Those people were half dog, half human. In the tent to which he was taken, he found a beautiful and nubile young woman. The Stranger went towards her and gazed upon her. From the waist down, her body was that of a dog.

"Go in, Stranger," he was told.

A great crowd of people ran forward and quarelled over possession of the traveller.

"I and I alone shall have him." "He shall come to my house." Such were the cries of these hospitable people.

The Stranger stayed in the house where the beautiful young girl lived. She offered him haunches of mice to eat. He ate, lay down and slept. The dog-people did not sleep, for they did not know what sleep was.

The Stranger had not risen from his couch for two days, and the dog-people began to lament and intone the funeral chant:

"*Atsina! hey! hey! atsina! hey! hey!* ", for they thought him dead. But he suddenly awoke and said:

"In my dreams I discovered a soporific potion for you."

Onto the fire he threw eyes of the white hare, and at once the Dog-foot people, who never slept, grew drowsy and fell asleep.

Now, the prey of the Dog-foot people was the great white Arctic owl. They hunted these birds with nets. At that moment, two great white owls had just flown down and perched a little distance away.

One of the dog-people went towards them, but after chasing them towards his nets, he came back.

"I shall put up more nets to catch those birds," he said.

But when he returned to the spot where he had seen the two white owls, the birds had already flown away. However, he hung his nets on the trees to catch those plump and delicious birds.

He then returned to the traveller and said to him:

"Now, stay here and watch for those birds, our meat."

Atsina obeyed because he was a stranger, and he kept watch for the owls. But they had flown off.

"Have you seen the two white birds again? " he was asked.

"No," he replied.

The lovely girl who had become his wife added:

"They have flown off, and cannot be caught."

Then *Atsina*, seeing the two owls perched in a tree, went towards them and pierced them with his arrows. One of them hung there, its head caught between two branches. The second was wounded but not killed. The dog-woman saw it escaping and told her husband. *Atsina* ran after it, but the owl got into the tent and attacked the Stranger's wife, doing her such great injury that she died.

Nevertheless, *Atsina* remained with the Dog-foot people all winter long, while famine spread through the land.

"The owls have taken flight," the people told one another, "let us go after them."

Now, in the water they noticed mice swimming. As the mouse is a nocturnal animal, it was also hunted by the Dog-foot, night people, and they hunted it in canoes, killing the mice with arrows.

Then they went back up to high ground where mice abounded, thanks to the complete absence of owls in these high pastures, and they killed them by the score. These great yellow mice were like reindeer to them. They ran all over the plains in large

numbers.[1] The Dog-foot gave them a real chase. They shot them with arrows, trapped them, eviscerated them, the women cut up the meat from them; they were treated as reindeer or elk; their meat was hung above the fire to cure and dry.

But while the people were all away, the meat hung on the buccans fell into the fire, where it was consumed, together with the tents and tools. The dog-people, blaming this misfortune on *Atsina*, said to him:

"This is not your country, depart from us, for you bring us ill fortune."

So, sad and alone and not knowing his way, *Atsina* set forth.

Then he met *Ehna-ta-ettini*, "He Who Sees Both in front and behind," the great hunter with two faces, leading his herd of reindeer. His snowshoes had a curved point behind as well as in front, for he walked both ways; from the back of his snowshoes a keen blade rose up.

At sight of *Atsina*, the man with two faces stopped, planted his snowshoes before him, one on each side, and sat down between them. He promised to give the Stranger many reindeer. But, since he was extremely thin, hardly more than skin and bones, *Atsina* began to laugh.

"Why do you laugh, why do you mock me," said the man with two faces. "Do you not know that in all my life I have never shot a single arrow that missed its mark?"

So saying, he took from between his snowshoes the blade which he had planted there and cut a plump slice from the Stranger's flesh. Through this magic, he produced a great herd of reindeer for him. Then he departed, saying to *Atsina*:

"If in four days you can no longer find any living creature, sacrifice a reindeer to me, and flee far from the trail of the Dog-foot people."

Such were the words said to *Atsina* by 'He Who Sees Both in front and behind'. Now, it was very hot, and *Atsina* remained in the land of night, because of the shade to be found there. The dog-people continued to live in the same way, which is why *Ehna-ta-ettini* decided to visit them.

The dog-people were playing ball in the village square. One of them said:

"I smell human scent."

Then a very small child who was pawing a dog about as a sort of game, said:

"Yes, I can smell human scent, too."

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(1) This is no exageration. Below the Arctic Circle, in springtime, Arvicola fulva, a large, yellow mouse, appears in such great numbers that in the space of an hour, fifty or more can be killed with a stick or simply with the feet. They are strong swimmers.

Suddenly, the Man With Eyes Both in front and behind cried:

"It is my sword which smells of humans, o wretched people! Know that my hunting is always fruitful."

At once he set about them and slew them all.

Atsina was absent. When he returned towards the land of the Dog-foot people, he saw only corpses. There was not a single living creature in the village. So he fled from their trails, found once more the cloak of white eagle's feathers and put it on.

The Man With Two Faces said to him:

"If your eagle feathers carry you too far, cry out: "Log, appear!" *Atsina* promised him this.

Clothed once more in the white eagle feathers, *Atsina* flew over the wide sea. He flew far, and soon land was no longer to be seen. When he thought it time to rest and sleep, he cried:

"Sand-bank, appear!"

At once, a sandy islet arose in the midst of the ocean. *Atsina* flew down to it, rested and slept.

Having gone on his way again, he once more flew a great distance. Wanting to rest and sleep again, he cried:

"Log, appear!"

At once a log arose from out of the sea, and on it he rested and regained his strength.

From there, he flew in search of his cruel elder brother, he who had rejected him and tried to kill him. He found him visiting his nets in his canoe. Then, carried by his eagle feathers, he began to circle above him, and seized his elder brother by the hair.

"What! My younger brother," said the latter, "is it really you? I have decided that it would be a wise act if I were to give you one of my wives."

"I do not want her!" replied *Atsina*.

Then he threw himself upon his elder brother, dragged him to an underground stream and, still holding him by the hair, submerged him until he drowned. Only then did he release the corpse, which sank to the bottom.

Then, *Atsina* went to where his elder brother's two wives lived. These two wives were sisters and lived at the top of a mountain, in a small tent. The Stranger climbed the mountain, entered the dwelling and sat down.

"Wives", he said to the two sisters, "I have just travelled over the entire face of the earth by means of my garment of white eagle feathers. All its inhabitants are dead".

He sat down between them as if he had been their husband, and gave them food. On one of them, there were weasels and on the other, mice, living as parasites.

Atsina rid them of these pests. When night came he slept between them and with them.

Atsina pierced the breast of one of his wives with the quill of one of his white feathers, and she conceived and brought forth a son, as did the other wife.

But one day when *Atsina* was out hunting, a great pike pulled him into the water, bit the tendon of his heel, and seizing him by the ankle, dragged him down into the river, where he drowned and thus died. This enormous pike was his elder brother, whom he had previously drowned. This is the end of the story.

(Told by *Sylvain Vitoedh*, in 1870, at Fort Good Hope.)

(11: 56-66)

Tṭsiñen nitschié kρwa ttsiñaρan yégwillhen tρenven. Yenidhanschien. Nitschié tinétizjik yu, yendjidhoekloedh ño, ttsiñen, voe ttset athen zjankonlli. Tρadh ètρilldji, akρon ñikkaon athen llen dhelρen, klla zjit. Schian ttiet athen nénanshet, athen ellikkié khidheltsen.

Akρon inl'a tchρan:

– Andow-kkiedh, señaôtchit, dindjié ttset tétiño; kukkanjoe;

– Akρwa! kiyaño. Ey gwoρat atsé ttsiñen, kwentledh atsé, akρontρet tsététillik. Viowhi djon tédhiño:

– Sié zjié kwottset netρinha, yaño. Kukkan zjoe èlloe yoettset ρagenχi.

Tsénidhatchié ttchon, voe hen, viowhi tchρan kokon nidhatchié. Tρadh étρilldji kuttié voe hen atsé. Kwotlen tρadh kunté dhotchié tinégutizjik. Dzjin sié gwottset tchojié akρon, kukkan voe kρwon ñenttay gwoρat voe hen ttset nédhizjié.

ñikkaon, tρadh tinégutizjik voe ttsoedé odhindjék akρon djon tédhiño:

– ñahen, zjé kotéchoet ttset tetòllé. Dhivi-dhôw shoel tétihi, ñittsé anttiedh, zjétig tédhôtschiw, akρon:

– Dhivia-ta ilére-dhôw zjie tsow-kkit tédhotρien, akρon ṣoe l'entsi-tsell tsòwkkit ñankwodh ñischllôkli, tiño. Akρonlloe:

– ñahen, yendow dji, cheg kρwa, ntρôta-tρella, tiño; dji nan kkρag ttchahandiedh llen gwoρat, djien ntρey-ṣichia kρwa ttchon. Tradhsié ttset tρischia. Nidjendè eykρet ṣoetchékokonlloe ṣoekka khoenatρié tρèlla. È tédhoño, otsé chon! Elloe ṣoe ρè otṣé konlli. Akρonlloe voet kρa-ôlttcho dji, athen-khin ñikkian-l'édéñottié, voe tthen kkeytρoe-tρôlschoel chon! Akρon eykρet ṣiet yendji ninôha ll'édji, athen llen konlli tρèlla, kiyaño.

Akρonlloe voe gendjié téitsihyin lloe. Tρadh nivia tsendja kutéy-tṣinitρien, klla zjit, oeta tsow-kkit tétṣitρien, athen-khin l'édénattiedh kovè zjey, è voe kkeyt ṣoetρelshel yu, yendji nitṣohen, akρon l'entsi t'sow kkit ñischitṣoek'i yenlloe.

Akρonlloe tρadh, niviatig l'at nitschié ρaïnttay, ttṣiñen étρilldji, tρadh-sié ttset tchojié. Akρon ṣié tenakkaïn tinékutizjik. Attṣey tchρô zjit akρontρet dindjié kodathako koenidjanttsey, akρontρet kutthoen zjey konlli, dindjie dathakº kikkay-gwendhet, Zhoenan kodathakº (kutρet) noegwitṣottchin) ttṣoevi-llè ttset koenidjanttsey, ttsoevi-llé ttset l'onilloendjik; kuρwathen tchρan kodathakº zjanétρilitchi, ño.

Akρon édétan ṣié gwottset tchojié, oeta nidhitρien lloe, voe shoel' dhivi-dhow tétihi, djiño, l'étadoenakρa, tedhindjek tthey. Akρon ey gwoρat sié zjié oeta oéndjik l'an voe kkiedh; akρon yendiédheyttsen voe l'entsi tsèlloe nédantchi voe kkanatρié

Voeklen, lloe, vàhkuttchin athen-khin zjin kheyha; voe then zjin ñikkion l'édékiñottié, voe tthoen èlloe voe kkey tρoet, sothel. Ekhintthoen kodathakº ontschiw zjié nitṣénenllé. Cheg tρet akρontté khitintteho lloe, athen tṣédhelρen kρwa, tsendja kokwenday. Ekhinttoen yendji nitsénitρien akρon ekhin-tthen naρudenday, ékhin-then kudzjin atṣaha, kiñattcho dhitρin; tchρantchρat atṣaha, kiñattcho dhitρin; tchρantchρat atṣaha, tchρantchρat voe tthen yendji nitsénitρien, tchρantchρat iχen enlloe, tinétizjik.

Akρon nizjit ttset djon kwol'shen. Ettsendow ékhin-then atṣaha kuzjey kotṣoenaltρengwoρat, l'anρà yatṣaha yu voe tthen voe kkey tṣoenel'nen. Ettet. ρan ékhin voe négutitllet kρwa, ño.

(9: 224-228)

The Moon Dweller

Once an old woman found a little baby by the water side and brought it up. When the child had grown, he became very strong and caught reindeer for his adoptive parents by snaring during the night. He killed them by his magic art, and this magic art also made the animals grow fat.

One day he said to his parents:

"Separate the fat of the entrails of the animals I shall bring you."

The ungrateful parents refused. Then the child wept and wailed going from tent to tent. His adoptive uncle then said to him:

"Go back to the sun, whence you came. We have no need of you."

The child was silent, and when night came, everyone went to bed. The strong child lay down, as usual, between his adoptive mother and her husband. However, he disappeared during their sleep, which made his mother weep bitterly. The child had, in fact, gone back to the sun; but as he could not endure the extreme heat, he returned, so that the next day, he was found in the tent once more.

He took his blanket and, before setting off once more, said to the old grand-mother:

"Mother, make your tent fast and firm, for it will be shaken violently this night."

The child wore marten-skin mittens. He tore them in two and hung them at the apex of the tent; then he said to his parents:

"Place marten blood above the door, in a pot, and tie my little white bitch near the door, outside the tent, for soon you will all die. Crimes are festering on this earth, and have become too much for me to bear, so I am going to the Moon; those who hate me will see me there. Hush, do not weep," he added. "there is no cause for weeping. But do as I tell you: when you want to cook meat, cut it up, cut all the flesh from the right shoulder of a reindeer, but take great care not to break the bones. Hang the shoulder-bone outside the tent in the moolight, with all its joints intact. If you do this, I will provide you with a plentiful supply of meat."

Thus spoke the Moon-child. He was obeyed to the letter. When night came, the tent was closed carefully and made more secure, and a pitcher of blood was hung above the door, a shoulder of reindeer cut without breakage or dislocation of the bones, and the flesh roasted and eaten. The little bitch was tied near the door, outside the tent.

Then, during the night, a great cloud of smoke arose from the apex of the tent, but the young magician was seen no more. He had gone to the Moon.

Just then, the moon appeared, pale and wan; a tempest arose which snatched up all human creatures from inside their dwellings; the tents were all empty; all enemies perished and all the *Zhoenan*, or Nation of Prostitutes, who were lived with, were carried up to the top of the fir trees and hung there to freeze; all their animals, too, disappeared.

As to the Child Magician, having taken the marten blood, the torn skin mittens and the little white bitch, he had departed for the Moon, where he can still be seen, holding the pitcher in one hand and the little dog in the other.

After his departure, his parents ate only the right shoulders of the reindeer they killed. They scraped the flesh away without breaking the bones, and placed these bones outside in a bag, and the shoulders grew whole again of themselves.

They did this for a long time, living comfortably without having to hunt or kill reindeer.

When only a shoulder of the reindeer was eaten and the bone left whole, the shoulder flesh grew back again of itself. It was cut again, and again it would re-appear. But the *Dindjié* finally tired of eating only the shoulder flesh, and when they had eaten it, they broke the bones, and then, the shoulder never grew flesh again.

(Told by *Emma Lebeau, Dindjié* woman, in 1870, at Fort Good Hope)

(11: 66-69)

70 Kρon-tρet naχa-tsoetoetal'

Tρa-odellet lloe, sie tteihen dji, akρon ρdha ttset, tρadh edjil'yu, nillen tρétseytcha, ρdha tchatsi, tρètlla-eshtlli zjié nitsoenidjia, kkinatsétoetal', schi nétchitsoeρek, kρontρet siétsétoetal', nétsidjiw kkétagunttcho. Zjé inl'agoezjey ñiteytsédjia yu, zjé kwizjié tsétoetal' schi atsaha, ézjion schi dindjié kodathakº kiyaha. Ey kwotlen ρatsoehè tchρantchρat, ézjion sjé kwottset tsédoeta, katρagoetρet yendjitsoedjiw, akρonρet tsédoetal' kkinétsidjiw kwozjin. Ey ρàh kkié tsoeχa, kétρagoe kkékρaw nakρen vizjit tsaχa, tchétρagoe kkékρaw tankρè ρàh. ρandja kkéρaw tchitchitandja, kuño.

Ey kkéρaw tssey voe kkρag édiñéshoekloedh. Ey zjit tsetaχa yu atsaρa elleg:

– Klag-datha! nan kkétρow ñikkè anashoekρay. Aéxuha!

Sié-zjit-dhidié akρontté nuρwaño ttogoρall joe, titiyin. Schi konllen tρella, gunijit gwoρat, ey kunkρag titiyin.

(9: 229-230)

The Funeral Procession Through the Tents

Consequently, when the snows melt and when there is an eclipse of the moon, then, when night falls, the people grind meat very fine, tie it up in packets, and hoist it onto their backs in game-pouches, and then begin to crawl from tent to tent.

Suddenly, they enter one of the tents furtively, explore every corner of it and eat the meat of those who do not own the tent. This done, they steal out as furtively as snakes and slip into another tent, where the same scene is repeated.

From time to time, they split up into two bands which move back towards one another. Round the tents they go, in a crawling gait. At the same time, two arrows, sometimes four, are struck against one another; these arrows are painted red.

Simultaneously, the following words are sung:

"O yellow mouse, pass quickly above the earth in two passes forming a cross. *Aéχuha!* "

We do this in obedience to *Sié-zjié-dhidié*, the Moon Dweller, who instructed us in this rite before going up into the heavens, in order to ensure us of plentiful game and abundant food supplies.

(Told by *Sylvain Vitoedh*, in 1870, at Fort Good Hope.)

(11: 70-71)

8º Etschiégé

Ezjion-kuttchin Dindjié kρet dhelρen, kutρet ʦoegwelttchin. Zhoenan nan kkaon noegwiʦittchin. Dji kuttchin, ttcha llen ttʦettétihi, intsi tchρan nakaïn tthey, tiñanttcho llen kuρwettsen; kukkanjoe Dindjié kedhelρen ttogoρall.

Etschiégé tchia enlloe yu, ttʦiñaρan yoegwilhen tρen ven, akki-tchien zjié. Akkitschien voe kkρag kkoetρèʦenday vizjit schian ttiet yendjidhoekloedh tρella lanval'i gunidhen. Ey gwoρat Etschiégé tédjitiño. Ttsiñaρan yénidhanschien.

Zhoenan Dindjié ρat kénizjin kρwa gwoρat, Etschiégé ti tchia kρet tiño:

Zhoenan-kuttchin ttset tchididjia, kiyaño. Tʦétenρa, zjié ven ρaʦoetoetal'. Onhanttset nesiégidjattcho gwoρat, athen ezjiel' kwozjié zjin tρé iditlôgu, athen ilérédhôw, kwozjié tthey, eyzjin ρatlôg-tʦeytchet, ρatʦatlôgu tthe ll'èdji.

– Ah! nuρwéketlôgu! kinidhen gwoρat. Ey gwoρat Dindjié kwentledh ttset nésiégidjattcho.

Zhoenan khittset naʦoetèta yu, khiρatlôg-tseytchet tchied étan tétihi yu; l'en tsell tsintè, andjet, voekkèkhiyattcho, khiyaha gwoρat. Ey tthey Dindjié ñazjantchit. Dindjié khiyaha, kukkan Etschiégé yaha èlloekρwa.

Etschiégé Zhoenan inl'ég nizjin kuñinlhiyu: – Ni voezjoegoentρalρa! yéñijit. Ey kunkρat tchojié; ll'édh natchρan énéha péïnhey odhendjig, yékkè dhanchet yu yétchi dhelpdha, yoenan l'atanen; ninidhet Zhoenantchia.

– Akρontté tétinhi gwoρat, Zhoenan kodathakº zjannoetρaldha lanval'i, vàkuttchin kénidhen ttogoρall joe kwenday kρat kitchotchil.

Dindjié nizjin dhelρen tlen, yéhen akρontté yaño:

– Djaρadé ʂi kii akρontté titinyin? yaño. Ttʦiñaρan tétiño, Etschiégé yintsin kkρagoe kwodjanen, han-yoenantchet, dhitρi kkélloe.

Etschiégé ñenttay; kwentlédhoettset yéindji-tankloedh tchρan. Athen-edjivoe ʂiénedjettsen buzji, ey ttiet toechoetinttcho dheltsen. Schian zjit yéindjidhantthet; kukkan djugu toezjien kwikkaon kρwa. Va idenday kρwa. Yéindjitankloedh, kukkan tiyéttset attchô kρwa lloe, èlloe dindjié nanattan tthey. Shan kwéttchin kuzjin, viyéhet nakρen ρàh.

Akρonlloe: Zhoenan kukρat tchojié, djiño, toe heyllé, voe hey-tschi tchρan tthen ñandjow néttchagu ñittschien voeρa, edji kkitinttcho. Akρon Zhoenan-zjé-kukudjotllépè ninézjiéyu, nidjen voe djiédh nanhè. Vi tchi kkρag tssey tschiesh tchρan ñitρet-dhitllé, vi kii Zhoenan-kuttchin néyékhedhet gwoρat, vindé-tchion konllen. Voe tchρa tthey nidjen kwéttchin. Tρadh vàkuttchin tρet ninézjiéyu, tʦétsayin. Akρey-antschiw, kuño, kvopé Zhoenan tchitʦoetρalρdha kwiñidhen, ey ttséttétiyin. Etschiégé Dindjié han kédhétik, akρeyantschiw akρon-tρet koven tchidhankiek, kkañantρié yu, yettset tchojié, yékket tédhihey. Voe het kkρagoe tthen titichiet ρédhitllé, vizjit Zhoenan tρet koven tchidhankied yu, kodathakº Zhoenan dhaρan, kodathakº kuñen ta kwozjin. Akρonlloe: Zhoenan konllen nikhénidhet. Eïakρon nakan llenkρwa ttset tinétizjik.

Akρonlloe: ttsiñaρan, yéhen yenlloe, tchugullu ρédhitié yu, atʦé, kwentledh atʦé; ρah djon tédhiño:

– ʂi kii koenday dji! ʂi kii doénday dji! tiño. Etschiégé yé zjé niténizjié tρet zjin kρwa. Kwozjié ninatρié zjin. Voe hen ye gunanhiw yaño:

– Tchootindè? Eh! ʂi kii, nan titihyin? Dji tρadh kket, nè tchρa kρoakρen antschiw! yaño.

Etschiégé djon yétino zjin:

– ñahen, tchion djidhil'i! Tchion yoetédjankρay, yandjia tlen tchinédhéjié yu. Dindjié han ttset ninézjié, voe hen onhan djantchit. Tʦindjo nakρen odhindjek atenhen, eykρet tthey onhankudjanlloe, voe nivia kétchidi voe han tρa ttsen kρanittséri, ey tchρan onhan djantschiw. Voe tchia kρet Zhoenan-zjékudjotllé kwozjié négwitittchen, kodathakº kottschien ttset l'anρa koel'ékitchodjil'. Zjé kwopè zjan tadhéhen voe kkρagoe toevi-dhôw nizjin llen tédhitllé. Vi tchiakρet kitédhindjek kiρàh ρdha kédhantsen. Akρontté tinttcho lloe, nidjendé atenhen kukρet dhitllé ttchon, akρon gottset kitchodjil'. Nakkan kénidhatchiéyu, ttcha llen, édjittchi nizjin tρet llen-ρanikohi, akρon kottsendow tʦotchil.

Tʦitchodjil yu, ρanttset zjiuguhet tchootin tinttcho tchion kkρagoe péïnhè? ρattʦey tchpô pàh tρiéditchik, tinégutizjik, tρiéditchik tagoettset tadashoel, tchion tégoe ninklet.

– Tρè-ôdjia! Etschiégé vitchiakρet dhiño.

Tρétsédjia. Edétan kozjin tρenven éttiè, voe tρenhen ρàh nan ρaékit, nankkρagoe édidjantρien kitinttcho. Nan-kuttschié-dhéhen, kiño, kotρèklet nanttchet, nan tρènelldji. Zhoenan-kuttchin kodathakº tchinillet; kodathakº tchion khidhelρen; inl'agoe kukkan koenday kρwa.

– Ṣi tchiakρet, djion tchédheyttsen niñodjia! Etschiégé tiño.

– Aha! kiño. Yékket tchodjil'. Kwinzjin-ttset kwotρètsoedata, kodathakº yendiédheyttsen tρékiyendjia.

ρdha tinétizjik, Etschiégé vi tchiakρet tédhiño: – Nan nizjit ttchon; ñankodh ttset tétρoll'a, tiño. Chinoe gwottsen athey tthen-ttchagu ṣoeñaôtchit, tiño. Ekhidatsow odhendjik, voe tthen-ttchagu niñanttay, l'épwatρoenantcho, tchitchidhandjia kuyu nidhatchié.

– Dji ôha chon! kiyaño. Akρonlloe: ñikkaon nan nizjit kρwa, ñankodh tégutizjik, kuño.

– Ttṣiñenkρet schi kρwa joe, andjowkρet tthey athen étan kenlloe, yakiño gwoρat. Akρon nidjen zjé kwentledhttset llen kwottlé. Dindjié kρékonllen tthey. Zjé inl'égoezjey athen-tchidhôw dhitschiw. Etschiégé athen-tchi néodhindjek, yaha gu dhatchi.

Akρonlloe: nâhtoedhet tchρô Dindjié ttschié ttset ndjôw zjié tchojié. Nidjen noegutittchin, diyétchidhoeρdha,. ll'ugu kodathakº kkadhendak zjanéshoetρan tchi kkitinttcho. Ey gwoρat schi étan tiyoeρè. Etschiégoe édétiño:

– Voe tchi-tρaldhρa. Kukkan nidjendé nâhtoedhet dhitchi èlloe voetitindjik. Akρon nidhatchié yu dhatchi.

Titschien joe, akρey tsell Etschiégé ρè ninézjié. Etschiégé yaño:

– Djugwahan tchugullu ñihey ñahtoedhet ndjôw gwottset? yaño. Akρon akρeyantschiw:

– Djigundiègu ttset ñihè, yaño.

Nidjen ttset tchojié Etschiégé, adzjich gwoρat. Voe toevi-dhôw-ttsoedé voeykè zjié nantschiw, étchidhankiek. Athen-dji, vizjit ttchédoettaρak dhantsen, ey tthey odhindjek, dji edji ñitié kukkan voeρa ñitié kρwa, akρon ey dindjié intlan-yontchit, ey tchρan voeρa ñitié, kρwa.

Zjugutégu ndjôw néñihètchion kkit nitschié, ñandjow, ll'ugu llen kwozjié dhitllé. Zhikki kuyaño, ll'ugu datssig, dhenday; zjanéshoetρan, akρon ittchié atsaha. Kukkan ndjow tρendjidheyttset nâhtedhet han dhéhen, ey kwozjié kégwiti.

Etschiégé yoe éhan gwottset ñankodh ninézjié yu, voe ttsoedé, tchρan naïnhè llé nedhanhè, dindjié tinttcho dheltsen. Akρon édétan han gwottsenρan, kuttien négutittchin. Ey kwotlen joe wu! wu! teïndjié. Nâhtedhet ρatρidjiw tthè. Etschiégé toeρdha odhîndjek, ṣiété tidjidhantρien, nâhtedhet ρaidjiw yé tchi-tig kkédhanρdha, tègoe-nété djedhilnen, ñikkè-kkρagoe, yel'enédénellρdha lloe, yé tchi l'oetétanen, yoedhelρen, tρèyénidhanχiw.

Akρonlloe: yé kan kwosjié dhijié yu ll'ugu zjanèshoetρan natρoetandak lloe zjan nalρdhey tinétizjik. Ll'ugu inl'adhgwenllé ñittschiédhanhiw, toe ttsoedé niyénilloe yu nétchitik. Zjé kwottset ninézjié,

– Akρonlloe: yuthen dji l'en djokkin, tchahandiedh dhatchi, voekkè tρilhiw, kiyaño. Akρon voetchiakρet schi llen tégutizjik.

Akρonlloe: inl'ag kuttchin dindjié ñenttaykρet kenlloe, détachρan-elρwo ttsé tédihi. Ey dindjié chwon ṭsoeρan; ékaïn zjantittcho, khittsè détchρan-ttsè tρow kenlloe, khittcha tsè-dhôw voekkρag dzé tchρan tchi tthey ñitρétρitllet, ey lloe khizjionhun enlloe. Ey gwooρat chwon isaρan.

Ey dindjiékρet Etschiégoe voetchiakρet tthey khittset kitchodjil khizjan dhaρen kunkρat. Dindjié konllen zjankitchotli, khiρè nitchitsidjil'.

Akρon Etschiégé nontchihey yu, vi kiikρet nétchikoetatchik. ρan ttset Zhoenan konllen Dindjié ttset nitchodjil. Etschiégé nontchihey ttchon chwon khétik.

– Nakan han gwottset ṣoedjol'i, tiño. Athen-izjiedidhow-voel' vizjit nétchiṭsallik. Vikiikρet yénéllu. Akρon tdha-tig kwétṣé-ttchin, dindjié llen joe. Yathen Anakρen llen tchρan nitsodjil. Akρon Etschiégé vàhkuttchin yakiño:

– Etschiégé, nan kwozjin djinño; akρon yézjiugu tè niguteysha lanval'i? yakiño. Akρon édétan:

– Ṣi zjiedi-dhôw-voel' ttiet niṣôl'i, tiño. Voel'zjié niṭsenllia. Akρon:

Tchitan gwottset tchindié-tρèṣoe-voel'-tρolttha. Akρonlloe: Anakρen tρet χun! χun! ttchek. Voe voel' kwindié nelttchet ρàhtiño. Anakρen tchikitchodjil. Voe tchiakρet khikkétchodjil', Anakρen zjandhaρey; kukkan édétan èlloe dindjié dhaρey.

Etschiégé voe tchρa konlli, Nédhoevè-heg-tihi vazji. Yàh Zhoenan aρan. Nédhvè-hèg-tihi dhivi-dhôw tté dhidié. Edjittchi djuw tinttcho, voendé konllen, klla zjit késhoetahρo, ñil'ey tṣoedhaρè akρon, édétan dindjié aρan kρwa, zjiontρet dhidié; kukkan zje ttédidihi kρwa. Voe djuw ñen ttsen ahek, genχi tchρan, akρon voe gendjié zjit tchρan ñenttsen ahek zjit tchρan dindjié dhelρen.

Akρonlloe Anakρen llen él'adoe nikhénidjia, Etschiégé dzjin nidhajié, ρdha killandjek. ñikkaon tρadh évitchi ñil'eyṭsoeρan kwottset tchojié yu, tchidhiliek. Akρon voe tchiakρet dathakº Zhoenan ttsiégoe ttset tchikhitchodjil yu Nèdhvè-hèg-tihi no-ekotitey hè, toedjuw tinttcho ñenttsen ahek.

Etschiégé ttchon Anakρen kuñahiw, toetchρa tρow ntankllet tthey yoe tρow tédhankle, tédhanklé. Akρonttétihi lloe, vah! – Itsch! itsch! tiño. Ekρonttétiño zjin, akρon Nédhvè-hèg-tihi édjittchi akhétillik billi (schian ttiet kρwa kukkan) vàh kuttchin èlloe Anakρen ttschié khénadjet gwoρat tinétizjik. Anakρen tchikédhotchil yu, Nédhvè-hèg-tihi akρontté tiño:

– Djugu gwottset zjionétɒet Anakɒen vàh sié-tétihi. Ʒoe altɒen ʒoeñaôtchia, tiño. Etschiégé yoe altɒen yoeñadhantɒien yu, yoéndjik yu, ɒan Anakɒen llen apan. Anakɒen tchitsodjil. Dindjié kɒet Anakɒen kodathakᴏ tchikoedhaɒa.

Anakɒen inl'agoezjey èlloe voetʂaɒan, nédhikiek kɒwa gwoɒat billi. Etschiégé yaño:

– Ettsendow kkèlloe djien niñodjil chon! Djien nétchôtchil chon! Etschiégé soe toño, ʒoe katɒoôndak; tthey djien niñodjil kɒwa lloe, yaño. Akɒon Anakɒen tinanttchi enlloe tsendja tchitizjien:

– Ettet! yendow dji akɒon djien ʒià kuttchin ɒakiyondjia dji, ʒi siahan tɒella kɒwa! tiño.

Akɒon voel'étchidi, elloe tsoedhaɒè, nésiédjattcho gwoɒat. Akɒon kukkan tiyétlen voe altɒen-klla zjit étoezjé-dhantchɒo, étoedhaɒen yu ninidhet.

Akɒon kukkan Etschiégé èlloe tʂédhaɒé. Schin kwozjin yédhelɒen. Ettet.

(9: 231-244)

Dung

Etsiégé is so called because when he was very small, those who brought him up rubbed him with musk-ox dung, to endow him with magic powers.

He was found at the water's edge by an old woman who brought him up. When he grew up, he became a famous and powerful magician.

Now, at this time, we were living in the midst of a different nation which had reduced us to slavery and was systematically destroying us. They are called the nation of the *Zhoenan* or Prostitutes. These people were very rich; they possessed metals, clothing, glass-ware, and trinkets of all kinds; but they had sworn our destruction.

Etsiégé therefore said to his brothers:

"Let us advance upon them in canoes."

We therefore set out to do battle, for we were so unhappy in their midst that we could not even laugh except into the heart membrane of a reindeer; they mistreated us if they heard us laughing. We therefore laughed into a pitcher or into the heart membrane of a reindeer in order not to be heard, for they imagined we were mocking them.

The *Dindjié* therefore went to war against the *Zhoenan*. We made great mock of them, both because they went about naked and because they cooked the rotting carcass of an evil-tempered little dog and ate it as a feast. They even forced us to eat roast dog with them. We ate it, but *Etsiégé* was never willing to eat this unclean meat.

Etsiégé saw a very handsome *Zhoenan* youth and wanted to kill him. He therefore walked along with him, and struck him from behind with a lump of clay, breaking his spine and killing him.

"After dealing such a blow," said his companions, "you can expect all the *Zhoenan* to seek your life as reprisal. You had best flee far from here."

Etsiégé therefore departed, and his parents with him.

But the old *Zhoenan*, mother of the young man, said to *Etsiégé*:

"Why did you treat my son in that way? "

Dung's only reply was to deal the old woman a heavy blow in the middle of the forehead, which knocked her down. She lay motionless.

Dung was very strong and powerful because of his magic arts, not magic such as our modern magicians boast of, which is weak, but real magic such as is not known in this day and age. Yet, in spite of his magic powers, he was the gentlest of men. He never grew angry with his countrymen, or if he grew angry, he never struck them. He worked his wonders with the help of reindeer antlers or a stick made of red willow, and called all men his brothers.

Having therefore gone to war, *Etsiégé* found the *Zhoenan* without fear, and his brethren dwelling in the midst of their enemies. Arriving in the village where his brother and his sister lived, he found the latter in mourning for her son whom the *Zhoenan* had just killed. She had thus scattered vermilion on her hair and white swansdown, as is the custom for those in mourning.

Dung entered his brothers' house during the night, and devoted himself to devising evil magic against the *Zhoenan*. He had attached pointed bones to the end of his snowshoes, like two horns. In the middle of the village, a young man, bound by *Ettsun*, the spirit of death, was leaping from tent to tent. The creation of an evil spell, he was *Akpey antschiw* (the Young Magician).

Dung therefore broke through the crowd of spectators, wearing his snowshoes armed with the horns described, both in front and behind, and hurled himself after the Young Magician who was whirling round the camp. He leapt upon his back wearing his spear-decked snowshoes; with the young man he rushed upon the *Zhoenan* and slew them all. Then our enemies were fewer in number than the *Dindjié* and separated from us.

But the old woman who had reared Dung, sitting beside the trail, moaned and lamented, saying:

"Ah! If my sons were still alive! "

Dung did not even go into this old *Zhoenan's* tent, even though she had brought him up. He contented himself with glancing compassionately into her tent.

"Who is there? " asked the old grandmother. "Ah! It is you, my son, returning to me! Oh! My son, this night your younger brother has slain all my people, in the guise of the Young Magician."

Dung said only:

"Mother, I am thirsty."

She gave him drink, and he went on his way to join his brothers, the *Dindjié*. He had taken two wives amongst the *Zhoenan*, whom he rejected. The old grandmother had given him a brand new tent, which he abandoned. He left everything to flee with his brothers, and they all left the country of Prostitutes together. As they fled, they saw fine goat skins stretched on trestles near the homes of their enemies. Dung took them, baled them up and continued on his way. All were making for the place where their native land lay. While the *Zhoenan* slept, they seized fine booty. Unfortunately, they delayed rather too long.

As they were on their way:

"What is happening yonder on the sea," they asked one another.

A great wind was rising, whipping up waves as high as fir trees. The waters swelled and rose continually, towering up in every direction like rocky pinnacles.

"Make for land with all speed", cried Dung to his brothers.

The latter hastened to disembark. He stood alone at the water's edge and swept the earth with his oar. At that moment, the pillar which supports the universe fell, the terrestrial disk sank and the rising water flooded and covered the earth, and all that remained of the *Zhoenan* was swallowed up in the sea. Not one escaped.

"Come, hurry, this way, my brothers! " *Etsiégé* cried again.

"Yes! Yes! " they answered.

They all followed him, and he brought them across the sea with dry feet. They all arrived safe and sound on the opposite shore.

When evening came, Dung said to his brothers:

"Our country is still far distant; but be calm, I will bring it nearer."

So saying, he took a one-year-old reindeer fawn, killed it, drew the nerve from its leg, saying to his brothers:

"You will not eat this."

By the magic of the drawn nerve, the land of his ancestors drew near to them. When night came, it was not far away. But at twilight, Dung had returned to his brothers, who had told him:

"Alas! Our children have no meat to eat, and the grown men are without food."

Now, there were countless tents, and innumerable people, but they had nothing to eat. In one tent only there was just the remains of a reindeer's head. Dung ate it and lay down to perform his inquiring magic.

It was a monster, a serpent, which was robbing the *Dindjié* of their meat. This serpent kept all the fish, which were frozen as hard as stone. "I shall destroy it," vowed *Etsiégé*.

But he did not know the serpent's hiding place. However, he lay down, as I have said, to work his questioning magic.

As the *Dindjié* slept, The Child Magician appeared to Dung, who asked him: "Where is the trail which leads to the isle of serpents? " The Child Magician answered:

"It lies that way."

So *Etsiégé* rose in the middle of the night, profiting by the moonlight. He strengthened his arm with the reindeer antler which he used to work his magic, that antler which was so heavy of itself and yet so light for Dung and those to whom he entrusted it. He also took his goatskin blanket, and made his way to the Isle of Serpents (1).

This island stretches far over the ocean. It is long, vast, and its waters abound with exquisite red fish called "*Zhikki*", which are eaten raw, and which have a delicious flavour. But in the middle of the island is the cavernous entrance to the lair of the great Serpent of Death, the guardian of these wonderful fish, turned into stone by him.

Dung, having arrived at this grotto, planted his blanket on a stake at the entrance to the cavern, to draw the serpent out. As for him, he kept careful watch, hidden behind it. Then he heard the monster roaring, and saw it come out of the cavern. At once, he brandished his reindeer antler and dealt the monster a mighty blow which split its head and left it lifeless at his feet. Then he entered the cave which was enormous and full of fish. He filled his blanket with them and returned to camp. When he arrived, he said to his brothers:

"In those far regions, I have just killed the cursed beast. I trod him underfoot and left him lying on the ground."

From that time on, the *Dindjié* did not go short of food.

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(1) It should be noted that any continent, any land mass, is called an island by the *Dindjié*. This must be regarded as a usage particular to them.

Now, there was another very powerful nation whose warriors wore headgear styled from globulous wood like the shoots of our fir trees. Above the waist they wore a garment made of small pebbles stuck with pine resin (2). They were also armed with great shields hung from their left shoulders and stone darts with long slim shafts. It was thus no mean task to vanquish them. They were a populous race who lived in the barren, treeless desert, dwelling in tents roofed with moss. *Etsiégé* set out to fight them with his young warriors. He could no longer fight, for he was very cold. But he had told his men:

"Carry me towards the enemy and place me on my sleigh."

He was placed on his animal skin sleigh and his two sons hauled him to the summit of a mountain, at the foot of which a host of warriors were fighting. Tumult and shouting filled the air. The enemy had arrived in force and were gaining over the *Dindjié*.

At the sight of these multitudes, Dung's countrymen said to him:

"Speak, *Etsiégé*, do you alone speak, and we will judge what is happening below."

Then he replied:

"Set me back on my sleigh."

They obeyed.

"Now, send me hurtling down the mountain towards the enemy."

His two sons pushed the sledge down the slope until it gathered impetus. Then suddenly, a noise like thunder was heard by the Eskimos (3). It was Dung's sledge hurtling down the mountain. It shot forth lightning and the roar of a hundred thunder claps. At this sound, the wooden-helmeted enemies took flight. *Etsiégé's* brothers pursued them and slew great number of them. But Dung killed no one.

Etsiégé had a younger brother called *Nedhvé-hèg-tihi* (he who wears an ermine robe). Clothed in a long white garment with magic powers, he carried, on the end of a cord, an instrument which looked like a fish caught on a hook. This strange object, which had eyes, he kept swinging back and fore, back and fore, incessantly, as priests do with a censer. The first time we saw the priests swinging their little smoking jars, we were reminded of our story: they are surely doing the same thing, we said to ourselves. The action convinced us of this.

Now, *Nedhvé-hèg-tihi* slew our enemies by the side of *Etsiégé*, his elder brother, but not in battle. When war was waged, *Nedhvé-hèg-tihi* killed no one, spilled no

(2) The Chochones or Serpents of America do in fact wear baldrics plated with glued on pebbles. See H.H. Bancroft: 'The wild tribes of the Pacific coasts.'

(3) Eskimos. *Anakpen* or Dung-beetles. This salacious epithet is generally applied by the *Dindjié* to their enemies from the West.

human blood. Prostrate on the ground, by design, he murmured and intoned ceaselessly, swinging the object which I have just described. By his works and this swinging, he delivered us from our enemies. His magic was not, however, like the magic of our modern magicians. Such magic is unknown in our days.

Once, a very great number of these Dung-beetles (*Anakpen*), people of the barren desert, banded together against the *Dindjié* while *Etsiégé* was sleeping. He slept on all day and did not wake until evening (4). Although night was falling, battle was about to begin when he arrived. Now, the *Dindjié* were losing ground and fleeing before the enemy. But the man in the white robe, prostrate and muttering to himself, began to swing the instrument at the end of his cord.

Dung, seeing that the Dung-beetles were winning the day, passed over his brother's body time and again, leaping from one shoulder to another so as to describe a cross. Each time he leapt, he uttered the word "*Itsch*!" and an enemy fell. All evening the brothers did this and nothing more, the one swinging his instrument while intoning mysterious words, the other leaping across his brother's shoulders so as to describe a cross.

However, the *Dindjié*, fighting on the barren plain, suddenly took heart again. They no longer feared the Dung-beetles, and defeated them.

One only did they spare, an old man whose life Dung had decided to spare.

"Go," he said to him, "and in future, keep far away from these regions, you and all your kinsmen. Never return this way."

The old man was very advanced in years.

"So be it," he replied. "If in future years my countrymen return this way, it will not be through my doing."

So he was allowed to depart, and was not killed out of respect for his white hair. He seemed so cast down! But when all his countrymen had fled, the old man, ashamed of their defeat, strangled himself with the string of his bow, and so died.

As for *Etsiégé*, none ever vanquished him. Old age finally claimed him. Thus the story ends.

(Told by *Sylvain Vitoedh*, in 1870, at Fort Good Hope.)

(11: 71-83)

(4) The Red Skins never wake anyone who is sleeping, even if the need is urgent; they wait for him to wake naturally.

90 **Tchia**

Yendjit tiñanttchi, voe ttsindjô tchρan, vi kii in-l'agoezjey tchρan, tρieg kokwenday. Vi kii lloe Tchia buzji. Tiñanttchi tsendja ñontchihey yu, voendè kρwa. Voe ttsiñaρan tthey ñontchihey yu viñen konlli, nizjigo attchô, ttchahandiedh; nédétan néninhek tsékukin.

Akρon tiñanttchi lloe voendè kρwa, kukkan nazjié. Djigundiégu athen ovilhew kwottset tchidhéjié lloe, nidjen dhidié, athen kwantchen, voe al'tρen voekkié tchρan odhendjik yu, voe ttsindjô:

– Yendji athen ahal', yaño dji, kwottset yàh al'tρen odhendjek, tiñanttchi étchidhanttchien akρon konnlen ñen yikkè, yédhaρey.

Akρonlloe inl'ag ttsiñaρan voe dindjié tiño:

– Nidjen ñendjig voet ahin.

– Soe al'tρen, soekkié tchρan sintlaïnllé, bunkρat tρotia, yaño dindjiéju. Ttsindjo al'tρen anttagu ñendjig ttset, édétan kkié étchidhanttchien, ñendjig eñanttsit, yédhelρen.

– Akρonlloe: voeyidjiñinhyiw, yaño ttsindjo.

– Ey! koyendowttset schin soedhaρey! ño tiñanttchi.

Akρontté kukan ñendjig ρanttschit odhoedhanttchi tthek, dattchρi ñendjig.

– Tchootin ñen yendji tenanjek? yaño. Ttsinaρan kwottset tchojié, tρenven tchitchiennaïtoezjek, ñendjik. Voe dindjié ttschien ttset nétoeñanhi, ñen tschien ñittiedh, ρatoeyénanttiedh, schi nétchidhinllik, voe ttsoedé zjié néyoetéñanhi.

Kwotlen joe schi attcho. Akρon schi tchiñe tittcho gwoρat, tiñanttchi:

– Kiedji! nilli dhittcho tthek odhoedhilttchi, yaño, nilli-ttcho voetρeyzjij al'tsen tthey, ttsindjo vaño.

– Ah! tsugu elttcho adjoech, yaño ttsiñaρan. Ey tlen tchitchodjié, schi ttchahandiedh voe dindjiéjyu éñadhantchit; édoetan akρon ñendjig voet ttcho, dhenday aha. Ey tlen nivia ttschiéttset tchojié yu, étρilltchi.

Ey gwoρat tiñanttchi nétédinizjié. Chwon yenday. Ey gwoρat tρitchojié yu, kkiné ñandju. Chwon kukkan natρoetandak vizjit shan tchojié, van tchρô ttset niñedjiw. Tetsellvoet van kkρagoe etsé tthek.

– Dji ttsellvoettchidiρadé atsé lanval'i? Athen kuñahi billi, ey gwoρat nadjet, yénijit tiñanttchi. Yé ttset ñendjidhojié.

– Kuédji! ndéétan niñisizjit, éïakρon soe ttsindjo ttchahandiedh han soe khetρatchit. Soe ttschié ttset kwohedh si kii vàh, yaño.

Akρonlloe ttsellvoet yésiédidhen yu, yéttset nivia:

– Siet tétihin, yaño ñen. Ttiñanttchi ttsellvet tchρô kket tédhijié yu, yèt tchinidhéjié, nizjit yet tchion zjègoe tchojié. Ettsendow tρahan-tchidhéjié yu ttsellvoet tiñanttchi vaño:

– Dji siozjiek kwentsell kkañantρié kudjin? yaño.

– Akρwa! yaño tiñanttchi. Akρon ñen tchρantchρat yèt tchinidhéhèdh, tchρantchρat yèt tρa-hantchidhéjié yu:

– Akρon djugu, nan ttsendja gutéttchin, voe kkañantρié kudjin? tiño tt'sellvoet.

– Elloetthey; kukkan kwentsell kunillhi, tiño tiñanttchi.

Kkèlloe tchinédhéhedh yu, ettsendow ndéétan tsendja kunahi, tchia ttsettinétizjik.

Akρonlloe: tiñanttchi tchia tselloe tétizjik, ndéétan kkétinttcho tétihi yu, voe tsindjo konté ninézjié. Dzjan ttset tchojié, voe kkρagoe nilli tédhitllé kkañatρié yu, kunidhen. Natρétandak, yu ñandjiw, voe ttsindjow ttsen kédhétik, voe tρètlla-eshtlli yé ttset voel'éyanhè.

– Schi soe ñaintchit, yaño.

– Zjé voet kρwa! tiño ttsindjô.

– Tρion soeñaïnkρey, tikii vaño tthey. Tchiondjidhil'i – Si lloe tchion vunkρat tρeyschia, ño ttsindjo. Tchidhijié, niténizjiéyu, tchion ρèlloe, towhig-tihi tédiñanen, voe dindjié eñankρey: Voendè kρwa! yénijit gwoρat tétiyin. Akρon kukkan édétan:

– Soe-étchinlρdha yénindhen tatρèdja! Akρon nan dhintchi kukkan! ttchon! yaño. ρanttset ttsindjo oëndjik, yétchin niltchi, yétchi kkeytenelnen, ninidhet, Ettet.

(9: 245-249)

The Young Man

There once lived an old man, his wife and their only son, a fine-looking boy called *Tchia*. The old man, having reached a great age, had lost his sight. His wife, also very old, had acquired a shrewish, bad-tempered and spiteful disposition. She was always deceiving the poor old man.

Although blind, the old man still hunted. He would go and lie in wait along the reindeer runs, armed with his bow and arrow and accompanied by his wife. When the

latter signalled the presence of an animal within range of his arrows, the old man would shoot, usually dropping his prey.

One day, the old woman said to her husband:

"I see a moose feeding over there."

"Hand me my bow and arrows and I will kill it," replied the blind old man.

She aimed the bow towards the animal. The old man bent his bow, let fly an arrow, and killed the moose.

"There now, you missed it! " said the spiteful old woman, in obvious ill humour.

"Ah! I am getting too old," signed the old man. Yet he could hear the moose bellowing and groaning as it breathed its last.

"What is that animal groaning over there? " he asked.

The old woman pretended to go and find out. She reached the water's edge, where the moose had fallen. She hid from the blind man, eviscerated and jointed the animal; she carried back the meat and hid it carefully under her own blanket, covering it completely.

However, the old woman could not pretend for long, for she was impatient to eat fresh meat. So she roasted a joint of moose; but as the meat roasted and sizzled, the blind man said to his wife:

"It is strange, but I hear meat sizzling. What is making such a sound? It is like a rump cut of moose roasting."

Then he added:

"Why, I can even smell the aroma of roast meat. What are you roasting? "

"Oh, it is just a marten which I snared," replied the old woman. "I am roasting it for you."

And indeed, she served sour marten flesh to the blind old man, while she regaled herself with a juicy steak from the moose which the old man had killed. When she had finished her meal, the old woman left the tent and went off.

The blind man could take no more. Life had become a burden to him. So he started out, feeling his way. It was difficult, but by feeling his way, he was able to go out alone and find his way to the great lake. A white-headed loon was calling and hooting there. The old man went in this direction, shuffling along, to try to kill it. He groped his way to the edge of the lake.

"Alas! I have lost my sight," he began, in a pitiful voice, "and now my wicked wife and young son have left me, and I do not know where they have gone."

Then the white loon took pity on him, and swam towards the blind man.

"Come with me," he said to him.

The old man rode on the back of the huge arctic bird and dived with him. Both travelled far under water. When they rose to the surface again, the white loon said to the blind man:

"The dry land which is within sight, can you make it out at all? "

"No, alas," replied the blind man.

So the white bird carried the old man out to sea again. Once more he dived with him and once more brought him back up to the surface.

"Well, now! The land can be seen very clearly from here. Can you see it? " asked the loon.

"Not very well," replied the blind man, "but I can make it out a little."

Once more the white loon went down beneath the sea with the blind man, and performed his task so well that the blind old man became a young man (*Tchia*) once more, blessed with perfect sight.

But the old man, once more young, strong and keen-sighted, continued pretending that he was still blind. He went in search of his wife, tracking her steps; he came to the trestle on which she had placed meat from the moose which he had killed; then, completely certain of the falseness and selfishness of that shrewish woman, he continued to pretend.

So, walking as if still blind and holding out his game-bag to his wife, he asked her to give him a morsel of fresh meat.

"There is no meat in the house," was her hard reply.

Her husband then asked her for a drink:

"Fetch me water," he said to his son, "I am very thirsty."

His wife replied.

"I will go myself."

She went out and returned with brackish foul-smelling water infested with worms and larvae. This she gave him to drink, thinking that it would poison him. She acted thus because she believed him to be blind. But he said:

"You must certainly be seeking my death, to behave in such a way. Then die yourself! "

So saying, he seized his wife, flung her from the tent, and split her skull, so that she died. So ends the story.

(Told by *Sylvain Vitoedh*, in 1870, at Fort Good Hope.)

(11: 84-88)

10º nitchρa-kρet

Ttρotchédi-ten ñiρakwétittchin ñitchρakρet. Tρétchédheyhedh, ño, akρon:

– Si tchρa, nunan kkρagoe kkitinttcho kρwa.

– Ey siyondé nésiégidjattcho tatρèdja! Tchidi zjit nunan kwottset kkinatρédékρay, lanval'i?

Ey gwottsen ñitchρa kétchédhékρen yu, ρanttset dindjié-llen ttsi zjit nikitchodjil, ño. Khiρè tsitchodjil yu:

– Akρon, nuρun nuρwet tôttcho! zjankiyaño.

Aha! kukkan! kuño ñitchρa kρet. Tanétchinitsidjiw, atsaha, ttsi zjit nétsodjil tρè-kloedé tsotchil.

Akρon cheg gwottset nétsidhekρè billi. Nizjit gwelhen, akρon non ttset dindjiékρet zjantithow ρénitsodjil. Dindjié zjandéthow vàh ñittétchitsatchiuk; anzjoe gwottsen tthey nettsizjittsotchil. Cheg négutsittchin kρwa, gwoρat.

Inl'eg nan kkρâgoe kwottset tsotchil yu, ezjion kuttchin ρè nitsotchil. Enéuji! dindjiékρet kwajen. Kutρet tsoegwettchin kρwa. Ttcho kkitinttcho, élloe kwinizjin kρwa gwoρat.

Tègé gottsen, tien ttset ρeteytsotchil yu, dindjié dakay kkatsénatρié. Teyttset natsanday tchρan. Dindjié zjankay édjittchillen teyñakenlloe, ño, tatρèdja. Kukkanjoe cheg gwèhen kkelloe, tchρan nillen inl'eg sié ttsen ñilen, nidjen tthey tey ρè nikitchodjil. Tρénitsodjil yu, teyzjit cheg tsékwittchin kwentsell. Akρon dindjié zjanditssig kenlloe tatρèdja, ey kρet.

Néttsizjittsotchil yu, akρon:

– Nuρwet tîttcho èlloe kρwa! zjankiño ñitchρakρet Djien kwitattchin akρon, ñuρun, kiño.

– Nuρun loe! kiyaño.

Akρon ñitchρakρet ñiρakwitettchin tatρédja nidjen, Dindjiékρet ρàh tsékujin. Cheg ñitchρa Dindjiétρet tittcho, anzjoe gottsen inl'ag tiñanttchi, ttsiñaρan tthey inl'agzjey kwentlèdh ñontchihey, vitchiρè dakay, nitchρakρet tédjékitchohèdh.

– Akρon nuρun, tchootiyin kuttchin ôl'i, billi? yakiño.

– Akρon nuρun lloe, ñil'oeondékρet idilli, ñupun. Ttρotchédi nitschié kρwa dhidilli, akρon nunan ttschién ttset ttsi zjit yéhènidhihèdh. Azjoegwottsen kodathakº nan kkaon kkénaïtρié ttchon, kuño ñil'eondé kρet.

– Nuρun kudjin ñitchρakρet yéhè kitchohèdh yéñonten? ño.

– Aha! tatρédja! kiyaño.

Ettet. Voetpié, voe hèn tchρan kégwelhen ttchon, kiρwàh kékwéttchin.

Yéhédhkρet billi nuρwétazjiékρet kenlloe, ño, tatρédjà. Akρon eygwottsen Dindjié édilli, nuρun. Ey villen.

(9: 250-253)

The Two Brothers

In the very beginning, two brothers lived together in the country to the west. One day, they said to one another:

"Let us go in search of young duck, on the far side of the Great Lake."

They climbed into their canoe, set off in this direction, and lost their bearings at sea.

"Little brother," said the elder, "the land I see does not, alas, resemble our own. Those fir trees are not like our fir trees."

"Alas, elder brother, we are indeed in a pitiful situation. How can we find our way back to our own land? "

The two brothers went on and soon saw a great crowd of people approaching them in canoes, we are told. These strangers came up to the two lost ones.

"Do you want to come with us? " they asked.

"Yes, we will," replied the two brothers.

They reached land with the strangers, took meat with them, then embarked once more and headed for the open sea.

They sailed for a long time, there can be no doubt; long were they at sea. At last, they arrived in the country of yellow-skinned men, with whom they traded, but with whom they did not stay long.

Going onward, they sailed south and came to another island, and a race of people with skins as black as coal. But they did not stay there long, for these people were not friendly.

Then sailing west (*Tahan*), the strangers reached the country of the white men. They visited the latter and traded with them. The white men made the sailors many gifts. But here also, the visit was not prolonged. At sea once more, they steered their boats towards a river which comes from the sun. Humans lived here too, and the sailors landed on this shore. This visit was a longer one. These men were redskins.

As the sailors were about to set off once more, the two brothers said to them:

"We shall go no further with you, for it pleases us to stay here."

"Do as you think best," replied the sailors

So the two brothers established themselves in that country, at the mouth of the great waterway which flows from the sun (that is, from the east) and lived there with the people of the land.

For a long time they lived there happily, when, one day, they met an old man and an old woman, both very advanced in years, their hair white with age.

"Tell us, young men," said the old people, "what manner of men are you? "

"We two are two brothers, who lost our way at sea, far from our own land," they replied. "We lost our way while at sea in our canoes, and since that time, have travelled all round the world."

Are you not the two brothers who were said to be lost as far back as the beginning of the world, after the earth was made."

"That is so," they replied, "we are those two brothers."

This was proof enough. Their father and mother recognized them and stayed with them.

We are told that it was those two brothers who were, without doubt, our ancestors. It is said that we are descended from them. So, of course, our people are men (*Dindjié*). So ends the story.

(Told by the *Dindjié Touldhoulé-azé*, slave of the Yellow-Knives, in June 1863, at Great Slave Lake.)

(11: 88-91)

Ballad of the *Atoena* of Fort *Nnu-Lla–Ttôp* (Alaska)

The wind blows on the Yukon River and my husband hunts reindeer on the *Koyoukon* Mountains.

Xami, Xami, sleep, my little one.

There is no wood to light the fire. My flint axe is broken and my husband has taken the other with him. Where is the warmth of the sun? Ah! it is hidden in the lodge of the Great Beaver, waiting for springtime.

Xami, Xami, sleep, my little one; do not waken.

Do not look for fish, old woman; their haunts have long been deserted, and the raven no longer comes to perch on the fish bench. My husband has been gone for a long time. What can he be doing up in the mountains?

Xami, Xami, sleep peacefully, my little one.

Where is my loved one? Does he lie, famished, on the mountain slopes? Why does he delay so long? If he does not come soon, I shall go myself; I shall go to find him in the mountains.

Xami, Xami, sleep softly, my child.

The raven has come, crowing and cackling. Its beak is red with blood and its eyes shine with hatred, the hypocrite!

Thank you for the succulent morsel provided for me by *Kouskokpala*, the Magician! On the mountain, woman, on the steep mountain, your husband lies peacefully.

Xami, Xami, Oh! sleep, my child, and do not waken.

Twenty reindeer tongues are twisted into a knot on his shoulder; but he has no longer a tongue in his head to call upon his wife! Wolves, ravens and foxes quarrel over his remains and fight for each mouthful. His nerves are tough and hard. Ah! It is not like that, mother of the child sleeping on your breast.

Xami, Xami, sleep, my child; do not waken.

But on the mountain, *Kouskokpala* the Hunter makes his way slowly onwards. On his strong shoulders are slung two oxen, and bound between them are pots of melted lard. Twenty reindeer tongues hang from his belt. Go, old woman, gather wood; for the raven, that liar, traitor and deceiver, is flying far away.

Xami, Xami, wake, little sleeper; wake and call your father!

He is bringing you reindeer meat, melted marrow juice, fresh, plump venison, from the mountain.

Tired and beset with difficulties as he was, he carved a toy for you, child, from reindeer antlers as, weary and impatient, he awaited caribou on the mountain slope.

Awake, and see how the raven itself is now hiding from his arrows! Awake, little one, awake, for your father is here!

(Translated from the English of W.H. Dall, esq., by Emile Petitot, in 1876.)

(11: 92-94)

16.1.2 Spirits and deities

Dindjie heroes and divinities

Anakpen (the Stercorials).
Atsina (the Stranger).
Akpey añtschiw (the magic youth).
Dindjié (the man).
Ehna ta-ettini (he who has eyes in the back as in the front).
Dindjié näh-taedhet (the snake-men).
Ehta oduhini or Ennahi (he who sees behind and in front).
Etpoetchokpen (the navigator through obstructions).
Etschiégé (the dung of the musk ox).
Ettsun (the otter).
Klag datha (the yellow mouse).
Kian (the serpent).
Kpwon-étan (the fireless man).
Kpwon-tpet naχatsétaetpal' (the funeral procession through the camp).
Ttsell-voet (the white loon).
L'atpa-tsandia (she who is ravished first by one then by the other).
L'en-akpey (the Dog-feet).
Nakkan-tsell (the Pygmy).
Nédhvé-hèg tihi (he who is clad in an ermine cloak).
Nitchpa kpet (the two brothers).
Nopodhittchi (the raging one).
Ratpan (the traveller).
Rdha-ttsèg (the evening-woman).
Siè-zjié dhidié (the man in the Moon).
Tchia (the young man).
Tchia-tsell (the boy magician).
Yékkpay-ttsèg (the morning woman).
Zhoenan (the harlots).
(11: 101-102)

"*Atsina* (the Stranger), the *Dindjié's* foremost hero, who dons the skin of the great white eagle "*ové*", after seeing two lands or islands rise out of the waters as he was crossing the sea."
(29:696)

"... the evil spirit is *Dindjyêta-in*."
(59:503)

"... the name of the evil spirit is *dji-dzjin* ... or the strong spirit: *djen-tloedh*. Alternative names for the same spirit are: *handjétoetlaedh*, *hantpoetè toet laedh*, the rejected strong one, repulsed far away."
(15:82-83)

"Another *Dindjié* name for the devil is *Dindjiè-zjéin*, the black man... *Tiñantchi tchidi-djeltpien* i.e. "the black little old man cast into the fire."
(15:98-99)

"... celebrated man, a benefactor of the nation, who, after a lifetime of good deeds on earth, ascended to heaven, body and soul. That man... the Loucheux call him... *Etsiégé*... His existence is linked to that of the celestial bodies."
(13:XXXI)

"Greenland traditions mention a goddess inhabiting the sky... She is also found in Loucheux lore."
(13:XXXII)

"The second person of their divine triad is of the feminine sex... they call her *yakkpay-ttsièg* (boreal-light woman) and they place her at the north-east. That word *yakkpay*... is the name for polar light, the aurora borealis, and means... celestial whiteness (from *ya*, sky and *dekka*, white)."
(14:XXXII)

"I shall have little to say about the divine mother of the arctic *Dènè-dindjié*, the invisible Woman. This second feminine person of the divine triad is found in many Loucheux legends. She is a perfectly beautiful woman, white, sumptuously dressed but invisible to mortals, save to the elect few she loves. Even so she reveals herself to them only furtively and with her back turned. This celestial woman, who produces the day and light when she comes out, lives far away, on an island of the western sea that few mortals have been able to locate. She readily assumes the form of birds... or changes into a swan or a snow partridge."
(15:71-72)

"According to my narrator... when the *Dindjié* learned, close to one hundred years ago, that a Company of merchants had just come into their country, they did not know what was meant by "company" and imagined it to be a

woman; accordingly, they long believed she was the woman of darkness, coming back to visit them for their unhappiness."
(14:XXXVIII)

"The *Dindjié*. . . worship a moon deity called *Sié-zjié-dhidié*, beneficent genie who long ago came down from heaven to provide them with light, to teach them, to release them from the yoke of their enemies and who, having gone back into the sky and living in the moon, became the god of hunting and of bountifulness, and a shield against their enemies. And yet they also see in this masculine divinity the genie of death and of war."
(11:15)

". . . the *Dindjié* also worship *Titpié* (father of men)."
(11:15)

"They acknowledge as wife of the first man, the day or morning woman, daughter of the Moon-god, whose sons, born before man, were partridges later metamorphosed into *Dindjié*."
(2:154)

". . . those Indians stated to me the name of the supreme God. . . *Yéindji-dhidié*, . . . meaning He who is sitting at the zenith, the Most High."
(15:52)

". . . the *Dindjié* would often invoke fire, even in my presence, and claimed that it could hear them, that it spoke to them. Fire speaks when it crackles. It contradicts people who discourse in its presence and gives them the lie, as when a blazing log of fir suddenly makes a sharp whistling sound. . . Fire puts its fingers into its mouth to relieve their numbness, whenever its ardor abates because of extreme cold, *kpon fwa noédédézi*. It gathers up cold into its bosom so as to make it warm, *kokkpawé kfwiré déyiha*, when the flame pales and the glowing embers take on the look of white hot iron."
(15:76-77)

16.1.3 Sacred objects

". . . they would make. . . small windmills out of pieces of bark, and set them up in the wind to make them spin. . . This was their formula to conjure the wind and cause it to abate."
(4:295)

16.2 Religious practices

16.2.1 Taboos

". . . they claim that they are forbidden to eat sinew from the leg of animals, because one of their heroes cut that nerve on the leg of the genie of evil. . . But few Indians respect that prohibition, any more than they do similar regulations regarding blood and fat. Only tabooed food and animals recognized as unclean are rejected altogether."
(14:XXXX-XXXXI)

". . . they have manitous which they call *ata*, edible meat, and *ata toettchandhen*, forbidden meat. . ."
(15:5)

16.2.2 Magic

"Among the *Dindjié*, the science of conjuration is called magic *schian*. . ."
(15:27)

". . . at Middle Lake camp, there were three Seers: *Chapo*, *Dindjiéttaw*, the Smudgy man, *Nité*, the Moving bog and the woman, *Kundataktsi*.

Chapo's prayer was *Tpiéhén, tpinttcha, ñidjen kwizjin dzjienté schanño*! "Father, as I sleep, grant me all things here that are good." Chapo admitted the good things come while we sleep, but his idea of good things. . . was meat, fish, warm furs, and a chubby wench.

Another prayer was this: *Walé, walé iya*! (bis). *Dzjien kwizjin ll'édji nétputa*! "Let all things that are good come to me here, while I sleep! "

"Here, for instance, is one of the songs of. . . Seer Chapo: *Djiva yatpi kkirétpètinttcho* (bis). *Voe kéninxi kkèpa tschiété! Tschiété tpétanttchô kkirétpètinttcho. Kwè vann zjié kkaon tpèinha!* (Translation) "This one is like a priest. Let everyone pray with him! May you receive (his word) into your bosom, so as to go to heaven with him and as he will."
(5:187)

"*Ñité* aspired to the role of Christ. He antedated Abraham. He was Adam or, at least, Noah. He would sing: *S'enda ll'édh-naen atsiya! Yatéghoe nuputié taéha!* "My eyes witnessed the creation of this earth of mud! My eyes have rested upon our Father of the skies! "
(5:188)

"The woman *Kundataktsi*. . . . had invented a chant that she called angelic: *Tpiébén, schiépé ninisizjié nidè, marci oyi! Tpiéhén schiet kéninxi ll'édjii, ttséhyin tpéill'a zji*. "O Celestial Father, if you would come close to me, I should be grateful to you for it. O Father, if you condescended to talk with me, I should be most happy."
(5:189)

"Don't you know that *Zjen* (Muskrat) is a seer, *Schoekoutahyiw* told me. Two or three years ago already, he received, says he, revelations. He says he is a priest; he prays and sings for us, each spring."
(4:302)

". . . last pring (1877). . . among the Loucheux of Peel River, an Indian who had offered his services to me as interpreter among his fellow-tribesmen said to them: "I pray for you every spring; what need have you of a priest? Am I not sufficient to you? "
(230:7)

16.2.3 Festivals

"Here is the description of a certain Loucheux festival. At night fall on the day of the new moon in the month called the rut or heat of the reindeer (March – April), the natives in each tent cut up some meat in tiny pieces and put it to braise in the ground; it is then bundled into game-bags that each man hangs up on his back.

These preliminaries over, the *Dindjié* furtively come out of their huts hurriedly and stealthily hop and skip from tent to tent with a bewildered look, all the while knocking together two or four red-dyed arrows. This is what they call *pandjakkék aw ttsitchitandia*. While so engaged, they chant: *Klag-datha, nan kkét'ow nikkié anashoekpay! aéxuha!* which means: "Yellow mouse, run quickly over the ground in the form of a cross! *aéxuha!* This festival is celebrated only during the vernal equinox. They say this queer custom has been handed down to them by their ancestors, and that they are thus abiding by the recommendations of the good and mighty Man who had been their protector on earth and who now lives in the moon; finally they claim that the purpose of this ceremony is to obtain his blessings, a great abundance of reindeer and the death of their enemies.

The moon ceremony is called *Kpon-t'a naxa tsètaetat*, i.e. nocturnal and funeral procession around the tents."
(14:XLI-XLII)

16.2.4 Devotion toward the dead

". . . there is a pious custom which consists in mourning for the dead, at sunrise and at sunset by crushing glass beads or trinkets between two stones. The sacrifice of those articles is considered as a respectful offering to the names or spirits of the dead and also as a symbol of mourning. The fragments of those wampungs (necklaces) are thrown into the grave. But this honour is extended only to men of prominence, and never to women or children."
(58:590)

"The *Dindjié* observe a memorial day for their dead. The person or persons who sponsor the ceremony collect a quantity of objects to be distributed among the guests. Then, in the middle of a final dance in which everyone takes part, the host dispenses his presents by throwing them at the head of the one he thus wishes to honour. If the guest finds the gift unsuitable, he is allowed to toss it back at the head of the donor, who thereupon relays it to a third person in the same way that he had given it away and retrieved it."
(14:XXXIII)

17. WORLD OUTLOOK

17.1 Self-image

"In the extreme western area of Alaska, their country, that people bear the name of *Doena* or *Atoena* (men). Along the upper Yukon and the lower Mackenzie, it takes the name of *Dindjié*, which has the same meaning."
(11:13-14)

17.2 Nature

17.2.1 Wind

"The *dindjié* name for wind is. . . *attcey*."
(15:75)

17.3 Measures

17.3.1 Time

"Their measure of time does not exceed the lapse of one year. They recognize a great number of seasons which they characterize by the different conditions of snow or soil, and they divide the year into twelve months or moons, each with its distinctive name. Their year starts in March with the vernal equinox.

Month (is expressed by the word Sun, or rather by the word Moon, as the word for both those celestial bodies is the same.)	*Sié-Sié-nan*: (moon duration) possessive: *voenan*.

1st March	*Chiê-zétché sié*: (eagle moon).
2nd April	*Voenan l'èn vitchi:* (month when the dog barks).
3rd May	*Voenan ll'u-tidjié*: (month of the break up). *voenan atopowo*: (month of the egglaying).
4th June	*Voenan yédétchpadh*: (month of the moulting).
5th July	*Voenan nan éné* (month of the continuous day). *itchité ey*:
6th August	*Voenan ti-itchill*: (month of the rut).
7th September	*Voenan nill'utiya*: (month of the hunt).
8th October	*Nikuticha sié*: (moon of the heat or Indian summer).
9th November	*Toevi sié*: (month of the mountain goats).
10th December	*Voenan sié nakudhoet*: (month in which the sun is dead).
11th January	*Voenan l'én tchitchpô*: (month when the dog is cold). *voedét'o kudji-dhek.*
12th February	*T'adȟa sié*: (ice moon)

(14:XXII, 246)

INTER-ETHNIC RELATIONS

18. INTER-ETHNIC RELATIONS

18.1 Loucheux Indians and Eskimos

18.1.1 Social

"*Alponse Sida-jen* (Loucheux guide) said to me: "Twelve or thirteen years ago, this place (a stream called *Chié-intsik nillen*) was the scene of a bloody drama. Some Eskimos came upon us there, unexpectedly, during the night, and murdered five of my compatriots.

Did they put to death all the *Dindjié* in that camp?

Oh! no. Only five men who did not awake in time. . . . At that time. . . we were still stupid. Occasionally, we would hunt and live with those Eskimo bald heads; we had thought we could civilize them.

So, you consider Eskimos as very ferocious?

Ah! chief, they are real wolves and we will never be able to tame them. They are too wild ever to live like men!

Have there ever been any marriages between you people and the Eskimos?

Never any marriage proper. As for sexual relations, there have been some several times. . . Among the *Dindjié*, there is not a single Eskimo half-breed, and among the sambos born of the union of *Dindjié* women with *Dènè* men, I know of only one child who is said to have an Eskimo father. . ."
(4:30-31)

18.1.2 Economic

"The *Dindjié* of the Mackenzie and Anderson Rivers meet twice a year at the mouth of the Mackenzie, to trade with the Eskimos."
(4:123)

18.2 Loucheux Indians and Dènè Indians

"The *Dènè*, their cousins, call the Loucheux, *Dékkéwi, Dékkédhé*, meaning Cross-eyes. The French Canadian name for them is Les Loucheux."
(11:13-14)

18.2.1 Loucheux Indians and Hareskin Indians

18.2.1.1 Cultural

"The Loucheux or *Dindjié* apply to the Hareskins the abusive epithet *Hatchen*, meaning enemies. The Hareskins, who have no craving for deadly warfare, keep pretending that they are being called *Itchun*, i.e. Rosebuds. Thanks to this subtle pretense, Loucheux and Hareskins are the best of friends in the world."
(Gravier 1889:10)

18.2.1.2 Linguistic

"All the *Dindjié*. . . living in the steppes along the coast of the Arctic Ocean speak and understand the Hareskin dialect."
(5:178)

18.3 Loucheux Indians and Kolloches (Tlingit)

18.3.1 Cultural

". . . the *Kolloches* tribes are known to the Loucheux under the name *Tchackrae*."
(170-174)

18.4 Loucheux Indians and White People

18.4.1 Social

"The *Dindjié* never steeped their hands in the blood of Europeans."
(11:14)

". . . they live far from the trading posts. . . have very few contacts with the Whites, except those of the Anderson. . ."
(15:183)

". . . our Catholic Loucheux were expelled from Fort MacPherson last fall (1869) and were refused all help during the winter. They cannot even obtain, in exchange for their furs, the clothing and other items of trade to which Indians are entitled."
(166:160)

18.4.2 Economic

". . . the Americans would barter with them, trading the Indians' furs for clothes, fabrics, tobacco. . . colonial produce: sugar, coffee, cocoa,

pepper, chocolate, tea, flour, rice, hardtack, smoked or sweet ham, salt or smoked pork, preserves. . ."
(15:303)

". . . the Americans would give them 4 "pelus" (10 francs) for a marten pelt for which until then (1870) the Hudson's Bay Company had been allowing half a "pelu" (1 franc .25)."
(15:303)

18.4.3 **Religion**

". . . Protestant minister MacDonald tried to prevent the Loucheux from playing football on a Sunday, alleging they were thus breaking the Sabbath. The Indians being slow to obey, the minister went out in a huff and slapped the face of one of the players. And when the Indians went on with their game, the infuriated minister came out again and announced that unless they stopped their game at once, he would make use of his pistols. . . At this, one of the exasperated Indians seized the minister by the beard and thrust him down to the ground."
(166:159)

". . . those *Dindjié* at Fort Lapierre's House admitted, as did those of Peel River, that they consider Catholic priests far superior to Protestant clergymen; that they pray with Protestant clergymen only because they have been made to, and also because there have been no Catholic priests living among them."
(15:274)

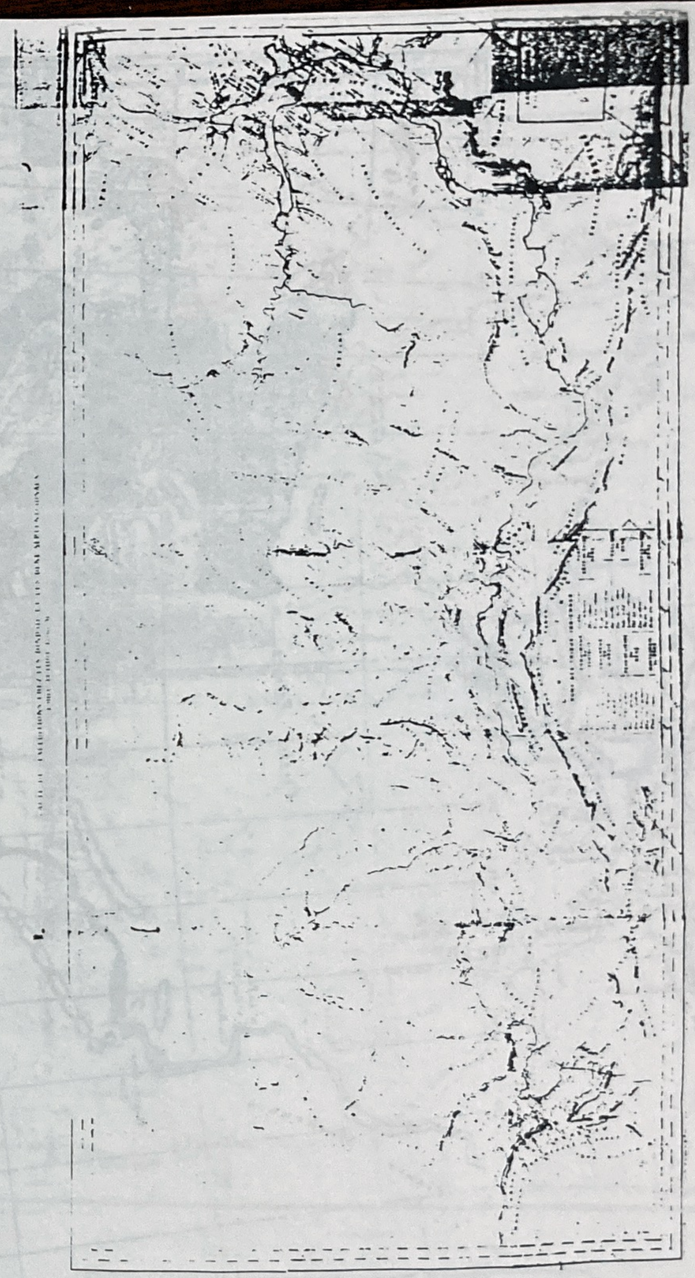
CONCLUSION

This attempt at cultural reconstitution calls for a few remarks and conclusions on the plan that was followed and the results obtained.

Among the great variety of data supplied by the missionary, we have tried to unveil and bring out a dynamic picture of two cultural groups: the *Tchiglit* Eskimos and the Loucheux Indians. The picture is by no means complete, the author having deliberately stressed certain aspects (for instance, material culture).

On the other hand, the minute and systematic observations supply us with a wealth of specific material, enriched with illustrations and maps.

Our aim has been, first to locate the writings of Émile Petitot (diary, personal letters, etc.), then to extract the ethnographic fact out of them, and to classify this material so as to present, as adequately as possible, a dynamic reconstitution of the culture in question.



Rivière Mackenzie
Rapide des Sauteurs
Rapide des Cascades
Rapide des Rochers
Rapide des Cheminées
Rapide des Cèdres
Rapide des Pins
Rapide des Roches
Rapide des Cascades

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
NORTH-WEST TERRITORY
DISTRICT OF ATHABASCA
YELLOW KNIVES
BEAVERS AND CHIPS

CARTE DES EXPLORATIONS
GRAND LAC DES OURS
Ile de la Société de Géographie
Lac Sitidji-Vann
Esquimaux
Baie Franklin
Cap Lyon
Cap Barrow
TERRE
GRAND LAC DES OURS
BAIE SMITH
BAIE KEITH